

HUMAN SHOWS  
FAR PHANTASIES, SONGS  
AND TRIFLES


BY  
THOMAS HARDY

ALBRIGHT COLLEGE  
LIBRARY



PRESENTED BY  
Mrs. Ernst Meinig





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2022 with funding from  
Kahle/Austin Foundation



HUMAN SHOWS  
FAR PHANTASIES



THE MACMILLAN COMPANY  
NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • DALLAS  
ATLANTA • SAN FRANCISCO

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED  
LONDON • BOMBAY • CALCUTTA  
MELBOURNE

THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD.  
TORONTO

# HUMAN SHOWS FAR PHANTASIES

SONGS, AND TRIFLES

BY

THOMAS HARDY

NEW YORK  
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1925

*All Rights Reserved*

Copyright, 1925,  
By THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

---

Set up and electrotyped.  
Published December, 1925.

*Printed in the United States of America by*  
THE FERRIS PRINTING COMPANY, NEW YORK.



# CONTENTS

|   | PAGE |
|---|------|
| WAITING BOTH .....                        | 1    |
| A BIRD-SCENE AT A RURAL DWELLING .....    | 2    |
| "ANY LITTLE OLD SONG" .....               | 3    |
| IN A FORMER RESORT AFTER MANY YEARS ..... | 4    |
| A CATHEDRAL FAÇADE AT MIDNIGHT .....      | 5    |
| THE TURNIP-HOER .....                     | 7    |
| THE CARRIER .....                         | 13   |
| LOVER TO MISTRESS .....                   | 14   |
| THE MONUMENT-MAKER .....                  | 15   |
| CIRCUS-RIDER TO RINGMASTER .....          | 17   |
| LAST WEEK IN OCTOBER .....                | 19   |
| COME NOT; YET COME! .....                 | 20   |
| THE LATER AUTUMN .....                    | 21   |
| "LET ME" .....                            | 23   |
| AT A FASHIONABLE DINNER .....             | 24   |
| GREEN SLATES .....                        | 26   |
| AN EAST-END CURATE .....                  | 27   |
| AT RUSHY-POND .....                       | 29   |
| FOUR IN THE MORNING .....                 | 31   |
| ON THE ESPLANADE .....                    | 33   |
| IN ST. PAUL'S A WHILE AGO .....           | 35   |
| COMING UP OXFORD STREET: EVENING .....    | 37   |
| A LAST JOURNEY .....                      | 39   |

|  | PAGE |
|--|------|
| SINGING LOVERS .....                     | 42   |
| THE MONTH'S CALENDAR .....               | 44   |
| A SPELLBOUND PALACE .....                | 45   |
| WHEN DEAD .....                          | 47   |
| SINE PROLE .....                         | 48   |
| TEN YEARS SINCE .....                    | 49   |
| EVERY ARTEMISIA .....                    | 50   |
| THE BEST SHE COULD .....                 | 52   |
| THE GRAVEYARD OF DEAD CREEDS .....       | 54   |
| "THERE SEEMED A STRANGENESS" .....       | 56   |
| A NIGHT OF QUESTIONINGS .....            | 57   |
| XENOPHANES, THE MONIST OF COLOPHON ..... | 61   |
| LIFE AND DEATH AT SUNRISE .....          | 64   |
| NIGHT-TIME IN MID-FALL .....             | 66   |
| A SHEEP FAIR .....                       | 67   |
| SNOW IN THE SUBURBS .....                | 69   |
| A LIGHT SNOW-FALL AFTER FROST .....      | 71   |
| WINTER NIGHT IN WOODLAND .....           | 73   |
| ICE ON THE HIGHWAY .....                 | 75   |
| MUSIC IN A SNOWY STREET .....            | 76   |
| THE FROZEN GREENHOUSE .....              | 78   |
| TWO LIPS .....                           | 80   |
| NO BUYERS .....                          | 81   |
| ONE WHO MARRIED ABOVE HIM .....          | 83   |
| THE NEW TOY .....                        | 87   |
| QUEEN CAROLINE TO HER GUESTS .....       | 88   |
| PLENA TIMORIS .....                      | 90   |
| THE WEARY WALKER .....                   | 92   |
| LAST LOVE-WORD .....                     | 93   |
| NOBODY COMES .....                       | 94   |
| IN THE STREET .....                      | 95   |

# CONTENTS

vii

PAGE

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| THE LAST LEAF .....                     | 96  |
| AT WYNARD'S GAP .....                   | 98  |
| AT SHAG'S HEATH .....                   | 109 |
| A SECOND ATTEMPT .....                  | 112 |
| "FREED THE FRET OF THINKING" .....      | 114 |
| THE ABSOLUTE EXPLAINS .....             | 115 |
| "SO, TIME" .....                        | 120 |
| AN INQUIRY .....                        | 121 |
| THE FAITHFUL SWALLOW .....              | 123 |
| IN SHERBORNE ABBEY .....                | 124 |
| THE PAIR HE SAW PASS .....              | 127 |
| THE MOCK WIFE .....                     | 130 |
| THE FLIGHT ON DURNOVER MOOR .....       | 133 |
| LAST LOOK ROUND ST. MARTIN'S FAIR ..... | 137 |
| THE CARICATURE .....                    | 139 |
| A LEADER OF FASHION .....               | 142 |
| MIDNIGHT ON BEECHEN .....               | 144 |
| THE AËROLITE .....                      | 145 |
| THE PROSPECT .....                      | 147 |
| GENITRIX LAESA .....                    | 148 |
| THE FADING ROSE .....                   | 150 |
| WHEN OATS WERE REAPED .....             | 152 |
| LOUIE .....                             | 153 |
| "SHE OPENED THE DOOR" .....             | 154 |
| "WHAT'S THERE TO TELL?" .....           | 155 |
| THE HARBOUR BRIDGE .....                | 157 |
| VAGRANT'S SONG .....                    | 159 |
| FARMER DUNMAN'S FUNERAL .....           | 161 |
| THE SEXTON AT LONGPUDDLE .....          | 163 |
| THE HARVEST-SUPPER .....                | 164 |
| AT A PAUSE IN A COUNTRY DANCE .....     | 167 |

|  | PAGE |
|--|------|
| ON THE PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN ABOUT TO BE<br>HANGED ..... | 169  |
| THE CHURCH AND THE WEDDING .....                       | 171  |
| THE SHIVER .....                                       | 173  |
| "NOT ONLY I" .....                                     | 175  |
| SHE SAW HIM, SHE SAID .....                            | 177  |
| ONCE AT SWANAGE .....                                  | 178  |
| THE FLOWER'S TRAGEDY .....                             | 179  |
| AT THE AQUATIC SPORTS .....                            | 180  |
| A WATCHER'S REGRET .....                               | 181  |
| HORSES ABOARD .....                                    | 182  |
| THE HISTORY OF AN HOUR .....                           | 183  |
| THE MISSED TRAIN .....                                 | 184  |
| UNDER HIGH-STOY HILL .....                             | 186  |
| AT THE MILL .....                                      | 187  |
| ALIKE AND UNLIKE .....                                 | 189  |
| THE THING UNPLANNED .....                              | 190  |
| THE SHEEP-BOY .....                                    | 191  |
| RETTY'S PHASES .....                                   | 193  |
| A POOR MAN AND A LADY .....                            | 195  |
| AN EXPOSTULATION .....                                 | 198  |
| TO A SEA-CLIFF .....                                   | 199  |
| THE ECHO-ELF ANSWERS .....                             | 201  |
| CYNIC'S EPITAPH .....                                  | 202  |
| A BEAUTY'S SOLILOQUY DURING HER HONEYMOON .....        | 203  |
| DONAGHADEE .....                                       | 205  |
| HE INADVERTENTLY CURES HIS LOVE-PAINS .....            | 207  |
| THE PEACE PEAL .....                                   | 208  |
| LADY VI .....  | 210  |
| A POPULAR PERSONAGE AT HOME .....                      | 212  |
| INSCRIPTIONS FOR A PEAL OF EIGHT BELLS .....           | 214  |

# CONTENTS

ix

PAGE

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| A REFUSAL .....                         | 216 |
| EPITAPH ON A PESSIMIST .....            | 219 |
| THE PROTEAN MAIDEN .....                | 220 |
| A WATERING-PLACE LADY INVENTORIED ..... | 221 |
| THE SEA FIGHT .....                     | 223 |
| PARADOX .....                           | 224 |
| THE ROVER COME HOME .....               | 225 |
| "KNOWN HAD I" .....                     | 227 |
| THE PAT OF BUTTER .....                 | 228 |
| BAGS OF MEAT .....                      | 229 |
| THE SUNDIAL ON A WET DAY .....          | 232 |
| HER HAUNTING-GROUND .....               | 233 |
| A PARTING SCENE .....                   | 234 |
| SHORTENING DAYS AT THE HOMESTEAD .....  | 235 |
| DAYS TO RECOLLECT .....                 | 237 |
| TO C. F. H. ....                        | 239 |
| THE HIGH-SCHOOL LAWN .....              | 240 |
| THE FORBIDDEN BANNS .....               | 241 |
| THE PAPHIAN BALL .....                  | 243 |
| ON MARTOCK MOOR .....                   | 248 |
| THAT MOMENT .....                       | 250 |
| PREMONITIONS .....                      | 251 |
| THIS SUMMER AND LAST .....              | 252 |
| "NOTHING MATTERS MUCH" .....            | 254 |
| IN THE EVENING .....                    | 256 |
| THE SIX BOARDS .....                    | 258 |
| BEFORE MY FRIEND ARRIVED .....          | 260 |
| COMPASSION: AN ODE .....                | 261 |
| "WHY SHE MOVED HOUSE" .....             | 263 |
| TRAGEDIAN TO TRAGEDIENNE .....          | 264 |
| THE LADY OF FOREBODINGS .....           | 266 |

|                              | PAGE |
|------------------------------|------|
| THE BIRD-CATCHER'S BOY ..... | 267  |
| A HURRIED MEETING .....      | 271  |
| DISCOURAGEMENT .....         | 275  |
| A LEAVING .....              | 276  |
| SONG TO AN OLD BURDEN .....  | 277  |
| "WHY DO I?" .....            | 279  |



HUMAN SHOWS  
FAR PHANTASIES



## WAITING BOTH

A STAR looks down at me,  
And says: "Here I and you  
Stand, each in our degree:  
What do you mean to do,—  
Mean to do?"

I say: "For all I know,  
Wait, and let Time go by,  
Till my change come,"—"Just so,"  
The star says: "So mean I:—  
So mean I."

A BIRD-SCENE.  
AT A RURAL DWELLING

WHEN the inmate stirs, the birds retire discreetly  
From the window-ledge, whereon they whistled sweetly  
And on the step of the door,  
In the misty morning hoar;  
But now the dweller is up they flee  
To the crooked neighbouring codlin-tree;  
And when he comes fully forth they seek the garden,  
And call from the lofty costard, as pleading pardon  
For shouting so near before  
In their joy at being alive:—  
Meanwhile the hammering clock within goes five.

I know a domicile of brown and green,  
Where for a hundred summers there have been  
Just such enactments, just such daybreaks seen.

“ANY LITTLE OLD SONG”

ANY little old song  
Will do for me,  
Tell it of joys gone long,  
Or joys to be,  
Or friendly faces best  
Loved to see.

Newest themes I want not  
On subtle strings,  
And for thrillings pant not  
That new song brings:  
I only need the homeliest  
Of heartstirrings.

IN A FORMER RESORT  
AFTER MANY YEARS

D O I know these, slack-shaped and  
wan,  
Whose substance, one time fresh and  
furrowless,  
Is now a rag drawn over a skeleton,  
As in El Greco's canvases?—  
Whose cheeks have slipped down, lips  
become indrawn,  
And statures shrunk to dwarfishness?

Do they know me, whose former mind  
Was like an open plain where no foot falls,  
But now is as a gallery portrait-lined,  
And scored with necrologic scrawls,  
Where feeble voices rise, once full-defined,  
From underground in curious calls?



A CATHEDRAL FAÇADE  
AT MIDNIGHT

ALONG the sculptures of the western  
wall

I watched the moonlight creeping:  
It moved as if it hardly moved at all,  
Inch by inch thinly peeping  
Round on the pious figures of freestone,  
brought  
And poised there when the Universe was  
wrought  
To serve its centre, Earth, in mankind's  
thought.

The lunar look skimmed scanty toe,  
breast, arm,

Then edged on slowly, slightly,  
To shoulder, hand, face; till each austere  
form

Was blanched its whole length  
brightly

Of prophet, king, queen, cardinal in state,  
That dead men's tools had striven to  
simulate;

And the stiff images stood irradiate.

6      A CATHEDRAL FAÇADE

A frail moan from the martyred saints  
there set

Mid others of the erection

Against the breeze, seemed sighings of regret

At the ancient faith's rejection

Under the sure, unhasting, steady stress

Of Reason's movement, making meaning-  
less

The coded creeds of old-time godliness.

## THE TURNIP-HOER

OF tides that toss the souls of men  
Some are foreseen, and weathered  
warefully;  
More burst at flood, none witting why or  
when,  
And are called Destiny.

—Years past there was a turnip-hoer,  
Who loved his wife and child, and worked  
amain  
In the turnip-time from dawn till day out-  
wore  
And night bedimmed the plain.

The thronging plants of blueish green  
Would fall in lanes before his skilful blade,  
Which, as by sleight, would deftly slip  
between  
Those spared and those low-laid.

'Twas afternoon: he hoed his best  
Unlifting head or eye, when, through the  
fence,  
He heard a gallop dropping from the crest  
Of the hill above him, whence,

Descending at a crashing pace,  
An open carriage came, horsed by a pair:  
A lady sat therein, with lilywhite face  
And wildly windblown hair.

The man sprang over, and horse and  
horse  
Faced in the highway as the pair ondrew;  
Like Terminus stood he there, and barred  
their course,  
And almost ere he knew

The lady was limp within his arms  
And, half-unconscious, clutched his hair  
and beard;  
And so he held her, till from neighbouring  
farms  
Came hinds, and soon appeared

Footman and coachman on the way:—  
The steeds were guided back, now breath-  
bespent,  
And the hoer was rewarded with good  
pay:—  
So passed the accident.

“She was the Duchess of Southern-  
shire,  
They tell me,” said the second hoe, next  
day:  
“She’s come a-visiting not far from here;  
This week will end her stay.”

The hoer’s wife that evening set  
Her hand to a crusted stew in the three-  
legged pot,  
And he sat looking on in silence; yet  
The cooking saw he not,

But a woman, with her arms around  
him,  
Glove-handed, clasping his neck and clutch-  
ing his blouse,  
And ere he went to bed that night he  
found him  
Outside a manor-house.

A page there smoking answered him:  
“Her Grace’s room is where you see that  
light;  
By now she’s up there slipping off her  
trim:  
The Dook’s is on the right.”

She was, indeed, just saying through  
the door,  
“That dauntless fellow saved me from  
collapse:  
I’d not much with me, or ’d have given him  
more:  
’Twas not enough, perhaps!”

Up till she left, before he slept,  
He walked, though tired, to where her  
window shined,  
And mused till it went dark; but close  
he kept  
All that was in his mind.

“What is it, Ike?” inquired his wife;  
“You are not so nice now as you used to  
be.  
What have I done? You seem quite tired  
of life!”  
“Nothing at all,” said he.

In the next shire this lady of rank,  
So ’twas made known, would open a  
bazaar:  
He took his money from the savings-bank  
To go there, for ’twas far.



And reached her stall, and sighted, clad  
In her ripe beauty and the goodliest guise,  
His Vision of late. He straight spent all he  
    had,  
But not once caught her eyes.

Next week he heard, with heart of  
    clay,  
That London held her for three months or  
    so:  
Fearing to tell his wife he went for a day,  
    Pawning his watch to go;

And scanned the Square of her abode,  
And timed her moves, as well as he could  
    guess,  
That he might glimpse her; till afoot by  
    road  
He came home penniless. . . .

—The Duke in Wessex once again,  
Glanced at the Wessex paper, where he  
    read  
Of a man, late taken to drink, killed by a  
    train  
At a crossing, so it said.

“Why—he who saved your life, I  
think?”

—“O no,” said she. “It cannot be the  
same:

He was sweet-breath’d, without a taint of  
drink;

Yet it is like his name.”

## THE CARRIER

“THERE’S a seat, I see, still empty?”  
Cried the hailer from the road;  
“No there is not!” said the carrier,  
Quickening his horse and load.

“—They say you are in the grave, Jane;  
But still you ride with me!”  
And he looked towards the vacant space  
He had kept beside his knee.

And the passengers murmured: “ ’Tis where  
his wife  
In journeys to and fro  
Used always to sit; but nobody does  
Since those long years ago.”

Rumble-mumble went the van  
Past Sidwell Church and wall,  
Till Exon Towers were out of scan,  
And night lay over all.

## LOVER TO MISTRESS

(SONG)

BECKON to me to come  
With handkerchief or hand,  
Or finger mere or thumb;  
Let forecasts be but rough,  
Parents more bleak than bland,  
    'Twill be enough,  
        Maid mine,  
    'Twill be enough!

Two fields, a wood, a tree,  
Nothing now more malign  
Lies between you and me;  
But were they bysm, or bluff,  
Or snarling sea, one sign  
    Would be enough,  
        Maid mine,  
    Would be enough!

From an old copy.

## THE MONUMENT-MAKER

I CHISELLED her monument  
To my mind's content,  
Took it to the church by night,  
When her planet was at its height,  
And set it where I had figured the place in  
the daytime.  
Having niched it there  
I stepped back, cheered, and thought its  
outlines fair,  
And its marbles rare.

Then laughed she over my shoulder as in  
our Maytime:  
"It spells not me!" she said:  
"Tells nothing about my beauty, wit, or  
gay time  
With all those, quick and dead,  
Of high or lowlihead,  
That hovered near,  
Including you, who carve there your de-  
votion;  
But you felt none, my dear!"

## 16 THE MONUMENT-MAKER

And then she vanished. Checkless sprang  
    my emotion,  
    And forced a tear  
At seeing I'd not been truly known by her,  
And never prized!—that my memorial  
    here,  
    To consecrate her sepulchre,  
    Was scorned, almost,  
    By her sweet ghost:  
Yet I hoped not quite, in her very inner-  
    most!

1916.



## CIRCUS-RIDER TO RINGMASTER

WHEN I am riding round the ring no  
longer,  
Tell a tale of me;  
Say, no steed-borne woman's nerve was  
stronger  
Than used mine to be.  
Let your whole soul say it; do:  
O it will be true!

Should I soon no more be mistress found in  
Feats I've made my own,  
Trace the tan-laid track you'd whip me  
round in  
On the cantering roan:  
There may cross your eyes again  
My lithe look as then.

Show how I, when clay became my cover,  
Took the high-hoop leap  
Into your arms, who coaxed and grew my  
lover,—  
Ah, to make me weep  
Since those claspings cared for so  
Ever so long ago!

Though not now as when you freshly  
    knew me,  
    But a fading form,  
Shape the kiss you'd briskly blow up to me  
    While our love was warm,  
And my cheek unstained by tears,  
    As in these last years!

## LAST WEEK IN OCTOBER

THE trees are undressing, and fling  
in many places—

On the gray road, the roof, the  
window-sill—

Their radiant robes and ribbons and  
yellow laces;

A leaf each second so is flung at will,  
Here, there, another and another, still and  
still.

A spider's web has caught one while  
downcoming,

That stays there dangling when the  
rest pass on;

Like a suspended criminal hangs he,  
mumming

In golden garb, while one yet green,  
high yon,

Trembles, as fearing such a fate for him-  
self anon.

## COME NOT; YET COME!

(SONG)

IN my sage moments I can say,  
Come not near,  
But far in foreign regions stay,  
So that here  
A mind may grow again serene and clear.

But the thought withers. Why should I  
Have fear to earn me  
Fame from your nearness, though  
thereby  
Old fires new burn me,  
And lastly, maybe, tear and overturn me!

So I say, Come: deign again shine  
Upon this place,  
Even if unslackened smart be mine  
From that sweet face,  
And I faint to a phantom past all trace.

## THE LATER AUTUMN

GONE are the lovers, under the bush  
    Stretched at their ease;  
    Gone the bees,  
Tangling themselves in your hair as they  
    rush  
    On the line of your track,  
    Leg-laden, back  
    With a dip to their hive  
    In a prepossessed dive.

Toadsmeat is mangy, frosted, and sere;  
    Apples in grass  
    Crunch as we pass,  
And rot ere the men who make cyder  
    appear.  
    Couch-fires abound  
    On fallows around,  
    And shades far extend  
    Like lives soon to end.

22      THE LATER AUTUMN

Spinning leaves join the remains shrunk  
    and brown  
    Of last year's display  
    That lie wasting away,  
On whose corpses they earlier as scorers  
    gazed down  
    From their aery green height:  
    Now in the same plight  
    They huddle; while yon  
    A robin looks on.

## “LET ME”

(SONG)

LET me believe it, dearest,  
Let it be  
As just a dream—the merest—  
Haunting me,  
That a frank full-souled sweetness  
Warmed your smile  
And voice, to indiscreetness  
Once, awhile!

And I will fondly ponder  
Till I lie  
Earthed up with others yonder  
Past a sigh,  
That you may name at stray times  
With regret  
One whom through green and gray times  
You forget!

## AT A FASHIONABLE DINNER

WE sat with the banqueting-party  
By the table-end—  
Unmarked,—no diners out  
Were we: scarce a friend  
Of our own mind's trend  
Was there, though the welcome was  
hearty.  
Then we noticed a shade extend  
By a distant screen,  
And I said: "What to you does it seem to  
mean,  
Lavine?"

"—It is like my own body lying  
Beyond the door  
Where the servants glide in and  
about  
The carpeted floor;  
And it means my death hour!—"

"—What a fancy! Who feels like  
dying  
While these smart sallies pour,  
With laughter between!  
To me it is more like satin sheen,  
Lavine."



AT A FASHIONABLE DINNER 25

“—That means your new bride, when  
you win her:

Yes, so it must be!

It's her satin dress, no doubt—

That shine you see—

My own corpse to me!”

And a gloom came over the dinner,

Where almost strangers were we,

As the spirit of the scene

Forsook her—the fairest of the whole  
thirteen—

Lavine!

## GREEN SLATES

(PENPETHY)

IT happened once, before the duller  
Loomings of life defined them,  
I searched for slates of greenish colour  
A quarry where men mined them;

And saw, the while I peered around there,  
In the quarry standing  
A form against the slate background there,  
Of fairness eye-commanding.

And now, though fifty years have flown  
me,  
With all their dreams and duties,  
And strange-pipped dice my hand has  
thrown me,  
And dust are all her beauties,

Green slates—seen high on roofs, or lower  
In waggon, truck, or lorry—  
Cry out: "Our home was where you saw  
her  
Standing in the quarry!"

## AN EAST-END CURATE

A SMALL blind street off East  
Commercial Road;  
Window, door; window, door;  
Every house like the one before,  
Is where the curate, Mr. Dowle, has found  
a pinched abode.  
Spectacled, pale, moustache straw-coloured,  
and with a long thin face,  
Day or dark his lodgings' narrow doorstep  
does he pace.

A bleached pianoforte, with its drawn silk  
plaitings faded,  
Stands in his room, its keys much yellowed,  
cyphering, and abraded,  
"Novello's Anthems" lie at hand, and also  
a few glees,  
And "Laws of Heaven for Earth" in a  
frame upon the wall one sees.

28      AN EAST-END CURATE

He goes through his neighbours' houses as  
his own, and none regards,  
And opens their back-doors off-hand, to  
look for them in their yards:  
A man is threatening his wife on the other  
side of the wall,  
But the curate lets it pass as knowing the  
history of it all.

Freely within his hearing the children skip  
and laugh and say:  
    "There's Mister Dow-well! There's  
    Mister Dow-well!" in their play;  
And the long, pallid, devoted face  
notes not,  
But stoops along abstractedly, for good, or  
in vain, God wot!

## AT RUSHY-POND

ON the frigid face of the heath-hemmed  
pond  
There shaped the half-grown moon:  
Winged whiffs from the north with a husky  
croon  
Blew over and beyond.

And the wind flapped the moon in its float  
on the pool,  
And stretched it to oval form;  
Then corkscrewed it like a wriggling worm;  
Then wanned it weariful.

And I cared not for conning the sky above  
Where hung the substant thing,  
For my thought was earthward sojourning  
On the scene I had vision of.

Since there it was once, in a secret year,  
I had called a woman to me  
From across this water, ardently—  
And practised to keep her near;

Till the last weak love-words had been  
said,  
And ended was her time,  
And blurred the bloomage of her prime,  
And white the earlier red.

And the troubled orb in the pond's sad  
shine  
Was her very wraith, as scanned  
When she withdrew thence, mirrored, and  
Her days dropped out of mine.

## FOUR IN THE MORNING

AT four this day of June I rise:  
The dawn-light strengthens steadily;  
Earth is a cerule mystery,  
As if not far from Paradise  
At four o'clock,

Or else in the Great Nebula,  
Or where the Pleiads blink and smile:  
(For though we see with eyes of guile  
The grisly grin of things by day,  
At four o'clock

They show their best.) . . . In this vale's  
space  
I am up the first, I think. Yet, no,  
A whistling? and the to-and-fro  
Wheezed whettings of a scythe apace  
At four o'clock? . . .

32     FOUR IN THE MORNING

—Though pleasure spurred, I rose with  
irk:

Here is one at compulsion's whip  
Taking his life's stern stewardship  
With blithe uncare, and hard at work  
At four o'clock!

Bockhampton.



## ON THE ESPLANADE

MIDSUMMER: 10 P.M.

THE broad bald moon edged up where  
the sea was wide,  
Mild, mellow-faced;  
Beneath, a tumbling twinkle of shines,  
like dyed,  
A trackway traced  
To the shore, as of petals fallen from a  
rose to waste,  
In its overblow,  
And fluttering afloat on inward heaves of  
the tide :—  
All this, so plain ; yet the rest I did not  
know.

The horizon gets lost in a mist new-wrought  
by the night :  
The lamps of the Bay  
That reach from behind me round to the  
left and right  
On the sea-wall way

For a constant mile of curve, make a long  
display  
As a pearl-strung row,  
Under which in the waves they bore their  
gimlets of light:—  
All this was plain; but there was a thing  
not so.

Inside a window, open, with undrawn  
blind,  
There plays and sings  
A lady unseen a melody undefined:  
And where the moon flings  
Its shimmer a vessel crosses, whereon to  
the strings  
Plucked sweetly and low  
Of a harp, they dance. Yea, such did I  
mark. That, behind,  
My Fate's masked face crept near me I did  
not know!

## IN ST. PAUL'S A WHILE AGO

SUMMER and winter close com-  
mune  
On this July afternoon  
As I enter chilly Paul's,  
With its chasmal classic walls.  
—Drifts of gray illumination  
From the lofty fenestration  
Slant them down in bristling spines that  
spread  
Fan-like upon the vast dust-moted shade.

Moveless here, no whit allied  
To the daemonian din outside,  
Statues stand, cadaverous, wan,  
Round the loiterers looking on  
Under the yawning dome and nave,  
Pondering whatnot, giddy or grave.  
Here a verger moves a chair,  
Or a red rope fixes there:—  
A brimming Hebe, rapt in her adorning,  
Brushes an Artemisia craped in mourning;

### 36 IN ST. PAUL'S A WHILE AGO

Beatrice Benedick piques, coquetting;  
All unknowing or forgetting  
That strange Jew, Damascus-bound,  
Whose name, thereafter travelling round  
To this precinct of the world,  
Spread here like a flag unfurled:  
Anon inspiring architectural sages  
To frame this pile, writ his throughout the  
ages:  
Whence also the encircling mart  
Assumed his name, of him no part,  
And to his vision-seeing mind  
Charmless, blank in every kind;  
And whose displays, even had they called  
his eye,  
No gold or silver had been his to buy;  
Whose haunters, had they seen him  
stand  
On his own steps here, lift his hand  
In stress of eager, stammering speech,  
And his meaning chanced to reach,  
Would have proclaimed him as they  
passed  
An epilept enthusiast.

COMING UP OXFORD STREET :  
EVENING

THE sun from the west glares  
back,  
And the sun from the watered track,  
And the sun from the sheets of glass,  
And the sun from each window-  
brass;  
Sun-mirrorings, too, brighten  
From show-cases beneath  
The laughing eyes and teeth  
Of ladies who rouge and whiten.  
And the same warm god explores  
Panels and chinks of doors;  
Problems with chymists' bottles  
Profound as Aristotle's  
He solves, and with good cause,  
Having been ere man was.

Also he dazzles the pupils of one who  
walks west,  
A city-clerk, with eyesight not of the best,

### 38 OXFORD STREET: EVENING

Who sees no escape to the very verge of  
his days  
From the rut of Oxford Street into open  
ways;  
And he goes along with head and eyes  
flagging forlorn,  
Empty of interest in things, and wondering  
why he was born.

As seen July 4, 1872.

## A LAST JOURNEY

“FATHER, you seem to have  
been sleeping fair?”

The child uncovered the dimity-curtained  
window-square

And looked out at the dawn,

And back at the dying man nigh gone,

And propped up in his chair,

Whose breathing a robin's “chink” took  
up in antiphon.

The open fireplace spread

Like a vast weary yawn above his head,

Its thin blue blower waved against his  
whitening crown,

For he could not lie down:

He raised him on his arms so emaci-  
ated:—

“Yes; I’ve slept long, my child. But  
as for rest,  
Well, that I cannot say.  
The whole night have I footed field and  
turnpike-way—  
A regular pilgrimage—as at my best  
And very briskest day!

“’Twas first to Weatherb’ry, to see  
them there,  
And thence to King’s-Stag, where  
I joined in a jolly trip to Weydon-Priors  
Fair:  
I shot for nuts, bought gingerbreads,  
cream-cheese;  
And, not content with these,  
I went to London: heard the watchmen  
cry the hours.

“I soon was off again, and found me in  
the bowers  
Of father’s apple-trees,  
And he shook the apples down: they  
fell in showers,  
Whereon he turned, smiled strange at me,  
as ill at ease;  
And then you pulled the curtain; and,  
ah me,  
I found me back where I wished not  
to be!”



'Twas told the child next day: "Your  
father's dead."

And, struck, she questioned, "O,  
That journey, then, did father really  
go?—

Buy nuts, and cakes, and travel at night  
till dawn was red,

And tire himself with journeying, as he  
said,

To see those old friends that he cared  
for so?"

## SINGING LOVERS

I ROWED: the dimpled tide was at the  
turn,  
And mirth and moonlight spread upon  
the bay:  
There were two singing lovers in the stern;  
But mine had gone away,—  
Whither, I shunned to say !

The houses stood confronting us afar,  
A livid line against the evening glare;  
The small lamps livened; then out-stole  
a star;  
But my Love was not there,—  
Vanished, I sorrowed where!

His arm was round her, both full facing me  
With no reserve. Theirs was not love to  
hide;  
He held one tiller-rope, the other she;  
I pulled—the merest glide,—  
Looked on at them, and sighed.

The moon's glassed glory heaved as we  
    lay swinging  
Upon the undulations. Shoreward, slow,  
The plash of pebbles joined the lovers'  
    singing,  
    But she of a bygone vow  
    Joined in the song not now!

Weymouth.

## THE MONTH'S CALENDAR

TEAR off the calendar  
Of this month past,  
And all its weeks, that are  
Flown, to be cast  
To oblivion fast!

Darken that day  
On which we met,  
With its words of gay  
Half-felt regret  
That you'll forget!

The second day, too;  
The noon I nursed  
Well—thoughts; yes, through  
To the thirty-first;  
That was the worst.

For then it was  
You let me see  
There was good cause  
Why you could not be  
Aught ever to me!

## A SPELLBOUND PALACE

(HAMPTON COURT)

ON this kindly yellow day of mild low-  
travelling winter sun  
The stirless depths of the yews  
Are vague with misty blues:  
Across the spacious pathways stretching  
spires of shadow run,  
And the wind-gnawed walls of ancient  
brick are fired vermillion.

Two or three early sanguine finches  
tune  
Some tentative strains, to be enlarged  
by May or June:  
From a thrush or blackbird  
Comes now and then a word,  
While an enfeebled fountain somewhere  
within is heard.

Our footsteps wait awhile,  
Then draw beneath the pile,  
When an inner court outspreads  
As 'twere History's own aisle,

46    A SPELLBOUND PALACE

Where the now-visioned fountain its at-  
tenuate crystal sheds  
In passive lapse that seems to ignore the  
yon world's clamorous clutch,  
And lays an insistent stillness on the place,  
like a cold hand's touch.

And there swaggers the Shade of a strad-  
dling King, plumed, sworded, with  
sensual face,  
And lo, too, that of his Minister, at a bold  
self-centred pace:  
Sheer in the sun they pass; and there-  
upon all is still,  
Save the mindless fountain tinkling on  
with thin enfeebled will.

## WHEN DEAD

TO ———

IT will be much better when  
I am under the bough;  
I shall be more myself, Dear, then,  
Than I am now.

No sign of querulousness  
To wear you out  
Shall I show there: strivings and stress  
Be quite without.

This fleeting life-brief blight  
Will have gone past  
When I resume my old and right  
Place in the Vast.

And when you come to me  
To show you true,  
Doubt not I shall infallibly  
Be waiting you.

## SINE PROLE

(MEDIAEVAL LATIN SEQUENCE-METRE)

**F**ORTH from ages thick in mystery,  
Through the morn and noon of  
history,  
To the moment where I stand  
Has my line wound; I the last one—  
Outcome of each spectral past one  
Of that file, so many-manned!

Nothing in its time-trail marred it:  
As one long life I regard it  
Throughout all the years till now,  
When it fain—the close seen coming—  
After annals past all plumbing—  
Makes to Being its parting bow.

Unlike Jahveh's ancient nation,  
Little in their line's cessation  
Moderns see for surge of sighs:  
They have been schooled by lengthier  
vision,  
View Life's lottery with misprision,  
And its dice that fling no prize!



## TEN YEARS SINCE

'TIS ten years since  
I saw her on the stairs,  
Heard her in house-affairs,  
And listened to her cares;  
And the trees are ten feet taller,  
And the sunny spaces smaller  
Whose bloomage would enthrall her;  
And the piano wires are rustier,  
The smell of bindings mustier,  
And lofts and lumber dustier  
Than when, with casual look  
And ear, light note I took  
Of what shut like a book  
Those ten years since!

Nov., 1922.

## EVERY ARTEMISIA

“**Y**OUR eye-light wanes with an ail of  
care,  
Frets freeze gray your face and hair.”

“I was the woman who met him,  
Then cool and keen,  
Whiling away  
Time, with its restless scene on scene  
Every day.”

“Your features fashion as in a dream  
Of things that were, or used to seem.”

“I was the woman who won him:  
Steadfast and fond  
Was he, while I  
Tepidly took what he gave, nor conned  
Wherefore or why.”

“Your house looks blistered by a curse,  
As if a wraith ruled there, or worse.”

“I was the woman who slighted him:  
Far from my town  
Into the night  
He went. . . . My hair, then auburn-  
brown,  
Pangs have wanned white.”

“Your ways reflect a monstrous gloom;  
Your voice speaks from within a tomb.”

“I was the woman who buried him:  
My misery  
God laughed to scorn:  
The people said: ‘ ’Twere well if she  
Had not been born!’ ”

“You plod to pile a monument  
So madly that your breath is spent.”

“I am the woman who god him:  
I build, to ease  
My scalding fires,  
A temple topping the Deities’  
Fanes of my sires.”

## THE BEST SHE COULD

NINE leaves a minute  
Swim down shakily;  
Each one fain would spin it  
Straight to earth; but, see,  
How the sharp airs win it  
Slantwise away!—Hear it say,  
“Now we have finished our summer show  
Of what we knew the way to do:  
Alas, not much! But, as things go,  
As fair as any. And night-time calls,  
And the curtain falls!”

Sunlight goes on shining  
As if no frost were here,  
Blackbirds seem designing  
Where to build next year;  
Yet is warmth declining:  
And still the day seems to say,

“Saw you how Dame Summer drest?  
Of all God taught her she bethought her!  
Alas, not much! And yet the best  
She could, within the too short time  
Granted her prime.”

Nov. 8, 1923.

## THE GRAVEYARD OF DEAD CREEDS

**I** LIT upon the graveyard of dead creeds  
In wistful wanderings through old  
wastes of thought,  
Where bristled fennish fungi, fruiting  
nought,  
Amid the sepulchres begirt with weeds,

Which stone by stone recorded sanct,  
deceased  
Catholicons that had, in centuries flown,  
Physicked created man through his long  
groan,  
Ere they went under, all their potence  
ceased.

When in a breath-while, lo, their spectres  
rose  
Like wakened winds that autumn summons  
up:—

“Out of us cometh an heir, that shall  
disclose

New promise!” cried they. “And the  
caustic cup

“We ignorantly upheld to men, be filled  
With draughts more pure than those we  
ever distilled,

That shall make tolerable to sentient seers  
The melancholy marching of the years.”

“THERE SEEMED A STRANGE-  
NESS”

A PHANTASY

THERE seemed a strangeness in the  
air,  
Vermilion light on the land's lean face;  
I heard a Voice from I knew not where:—  
“The Great Adjustment is taking place!

“I set thick darkness over you,  
And fogged you all your years therein;  
At last I uncloud your view,  
Which I am weary of holding in.

“Men have not heard, men have not seen  
Since the beginning of the world  
What earth and heaven mean;  
But now their curtains shall be furled,

“And they shall see what is, ere long,  
Not through a glass, but face to face;  
And Right shall disestablish Wrong:  
The Great Adjustment is taking place.”



## A NIGHT OF QUESTIONINGS

ON the eve of All-Souls' Day  
I heard the dead men say  
Who lie by the tottering tower,  
To the dark and doubling wind  
At the midnight's turning hour,  
When other speech had thinned:

“What of the world now?”

The wind whiffed back: “Men still  
Who are born, do good, do ill  
Here, just as in your time:  
Till their years the locust hath eaten,  
Leaving them bare, downbeaten;  
Somewhiles in springtide rime,  
Somewhiles in summer glow,  
Somewhiles in winter snow:—

No more I know.”

The same eve I caught cry  
To the selfsame wind, those dry

## 58 NIGHT OF QUESTIONINGS

As dust beneath the aisles  
Of old cathedral piles,  
Walled up in vaulted biers  
Through many Christian years:

“What of the world now?”

Sighed back the circuiteer:

“Men since your time, shrined here  
By deserved ordinance,  
Their own craft, or by chance,  
Which follows men from birth  
Even until under earth,  
But little difference show  
When ranged in sculptured row,  
Different as dyes although:—  
No more I know.”

On the selfsame eve, too, said  
Those swayed in the sunk sea-bed  
To the selfsame wind as it played  
With the tide in the starless shade  
From Comorin to Horn,

And round by Wrath forlorn:

“What of the world now?”

And the wind for a second ceased,  
Then whirred: “Men west and east,  
As each sun soars and dips,  
Go down to the sea in ships  
As you went—hither and thither;  
See the wonders of the deep,  
As you did, ere they sleep;

But few at home care whither  
 They wander to and fro;  
 Themselves care little also!—  
     No more I know.”

Said, too, on the selfsame eve  
 The troubled skulls that heave  
 And fust in the flats of France,  
 To the wind wayfaring over  
 Listlessly as in trance  
 From the Ardennes to Dover,  
     “What of the world now?”  
 And the farer moaned: “As when  
 You mauled these fields, do men  
 Set them with dark-drawn breaths  
 To knave their neighbours’ deaths  
 In periodic spasms!  
 Yea, fooled by foul phantasms,  
 In a strange cyclic throe  
 Backward to type they go:—  
     No more I know.”

That night, too, men whose crimes  
 Had cut them off betimes,  
 Who lay within the pales  
 Of town and county jails  
 With the rope-groove on them yet,  
 Said to the same wind’s fret  
     “What of the world now?”

## 60 NIGHT OF QUESTIONINGS

And the blast in its brooding tone  
Returned: "Men have not shown,  
Since you were stretched that morning,  
A white cap your adorning,  
More lovely deeds or true  
Through thus neck-knotting you;  
Or that they purer grow,  
Or ever will, I trow!—  
No more I know."

## XENOPHANES, THE MONIST OF COLOPHON

ANN: AET: SUAE XCII.—A: C: CCCCLXXX.

“**A**RE You groping Your way?  
Do You do it unknowing?—  
Or mark Your wind blowing?  
Night tell You from day,  
O Mover? Come, say!”  
Cried Xenophanes.

“I mean, querying so,  
Do You do it aware,  
Or by rote, like a player,  
Or in ignorance, nor care  
Whether doing or no?”  
Pressed Xenophanes.

“Thus strive I to plumb  
Your depths, O Great Dumb!—  
Not a god, but the All

52 XENOPHANES, THE MONIST

(As I read) ; yet a thrall  
To a blind ritual,"  
Sighed Xenophanes.

"If I only could bring  
You to own it, close Thing,  
I would write it again  
With a still stronger pen  
To my once neighbour-men!"  
Said Xenophanes.

—Quoth the listening Years:  
"You ask It in vain;  
You waste sighs and tears  
On these callings inane,  
Which It grasps not nor hears,  
O Xenophanes!"

"When you penned what you thought  
You were cast out, and sought  
A retreat over sea  
From aroused enmity:  
So it always will be,  
Yea, Xenophanes!

"In the lone of the nights  
At Elea unseen,  
Where the swinging wave smites  
Of the restless Tyrrhene,  
You may muse thus, serene,  
Safe, Xenophanes.

"But write it not back  
 To your dear Colophon;  
 Brows still will be black  
 At your words, 'All is One,'  
 From disputers thereon,  
     Know, Xenophanes.

"Three thousand years hence,  
 Men who hazard a clue  
 To this riddle immense,  
 And still treat it as new,  
 Will be scowled at, like you,  
     O Xenophanes!

" *'Some day I may tell,  
 When I've broken My spell,'*  
 It snores in Its sleep  
 If you listen long, deep  
 At Its closely-sealed cell,  
     Wronged Xenophanes!

"Yea, on, near the end,  
 Its doings may mend;  
 Aye, when you're forgotten,  
 And old cults are rotten,  
 And bulky codes shotten,  
     Xenophanes!"

## LIFE AND DEATH AT SUNRISE

(NEAR DOGBURY GATE, 1867)

THE hills uncap their tops  
Of woodland, pasture, copse,  
And look on the layers of mist  
At their foot that still persist:  
They are like awakened sleepers on one  
elbow lifted,  
Who gaze around to learn if things during  
night have shifted.

A waggon creaks up from the fog  
With a laboured leisurely jog;  
Then a horseman from off the hill-tip  
Comes clapping down into the dip;  
While woodlarks, finches, sparrows, try to  
entune at one time,  
And cocks and hens and cows and bulls  
take up the chime.

With a shouldered basket and flagon  
A man meets the one with the waggon,



And both the men halt of long use.

“Well,” the waggoner says, “what’s the news?”

“—’Tis a boy this time. You’ve just met the doctor trotting back.

She’s doing very well. And we think we shall call him ‘Jack.’

“And what have you got covered there?”

He nods to the waggon and mare.

“Oh, a coffin for old John Thinn:

We are just going to put him in.”

“—So he’s gone at last. He always had a good constitution.”

“—He was ninety-odd. He could call up the French Revolution.”

## NIGHT-TIME IN MID-FALL

IT is a storm-strid night, winds footing  
swift

Through the blind profound;

I know the happenings from their  
sound;

Leaves totter down still green, and spin  
and drift;

The tree-trunks rock to their roots, which  
wrench and lift

The loam where they run onward under-  
ground.

The streams are muddy and swollen; eels  
migrate

To a new abode;

Even cross, 'tis said, the turnpike-road;  
(Men's feet have felt their crawl, home-  
coming late) :

The westward fronts of towers are saturate,  
Church-timbers crack, and witches ride  
abroad.

## A SHEEP FAIR

THE day arrives of the autumn  
fair,

And torrents fall,  
Though sheep in throngs are gathered  
there,

Ten thousand all,  
Sodden, with hurdles round them  
reared:

And, lot by lot, the pens are cleared,  
And the auctioneer wrings out his  
beard,

And wipes his book, bedrenched and  
smeared,

And rakes the rain from his face with the  
edge of his hand,

As torrents fall.

The wool of the ewes is like a sponge  
With the daylong rain:

Jammed tight, to turn, or lie, or lunge,  
They strive in vain.

Their horns are soft as finger-nails,  
Their shepherds reek against the rails,  
The tied dogs soak with tucked-in  
tails,

The buyers' hat-brims fill like pails,  
Which spill small cascades when they shift  
their stand

In the daylong rain.

#### POSTSCRIPT

Time has trailed lengthily since met  
At Pummery Fair  
Those panting thousands in their wet  
And woolly wear:

And every flock long since has bled,  
And all the dripping buyers have sped,  
And the hoarse auctioneer is dead,  
Who "Going—going!" so often said,  
As he consigned to doom each meek,  
mewed band

At Pummery Fair.

## SNOW IN THE SUBURBS

EVERY branch big with it,  
Bent every twig with it;  
Every fork like a white web-foot;  
Every street and pavement mute:  
Some flakes have lost their way, and grope  
back upward, when  
Meeting those meandering down they turn  
and descend again.  
The palings are glued together like a  
wall,  
And there is no waft of wind with the  
fleecy fall.

A sparrow enters the tree,  
Whereon immediately  
A snow-lump thrice his own slight  
size  
Descends on him and showers his  
head and eyes,

And overturns him,  
And near inurns him,  
And lights on a nether twig, when  
its brush  
Starts off a volley of other lodging lumps  
with a rush.

The steps are a blanched slope,  
Up which, with feeble hope,  
A black cat comes, wide-eyed and  
thin;  
And we take him in.

A LIGHT SNOW-FALL  
AFTER FROST

ON the flat road a man at last appears:  
How much his whitening hairs  
Owe to the settling snow's mute anchorage,  
And how much to a life's rough pilgrimage,  
One cannot certify.

The frost is on the wane,  
And cobwebs hanging close outside the  
pane  
Pose as festoons of thick white worsted  
there,  
Of their pale presence no eye being aware  
Till the rime made them plain.

A second man comes by;  
His ruddy beard brings fire to the pallid  
scene:  
His coat is faded green;  
Hence seems it that his mien  
Wears something of the dye  
Of the berried holm-trees that he passes  
nigh.

## 72 SNOW-FALL AFTER FROST

The snow-feathers so gently swoop that  
though

But half an hour ago

The road was brown, and now is starkly  
white,

A watcher would have failed defining  
quite

When it transformed it so.

Near Surbiton.



## WINTER NIGHT IN WOODLAND

(OLD TIME)

THE bark of a fox rings, sonorous  
and long:—

Three barks, and then silentness;  
“wong, wong, wong!”

In quality horn-like, yet melancholy,  
As from teachings of years; for an  
old one is he.

The hand of all men is against him, he  
knows; and yet, why?

*That* he knows not,—will never know,  
down to his death-halloo cry.

With clap-nets and lanterns off start  
the bird-baiters,

In trim to make raids on the roosts in  
the copse,

Where they beat the boughs artfully,  
while their awaiters

Grow heavy at home over divers  
warm drops.

74      WINTER IN WOODLAND

The poachers, with swingels, and matches  
    of brimstone, outcreep  
To steal upon pheasants and drowse them  
    a-perch and asleep.

Out there, on the verge, where a path  
    wavers through,  
Dark figures, filed singly, thrid quickly  
    the view,  
Yet heavily laden: land-carriers are  
    they  
In the hire of the smugglers from  
    some nearest bay.  
Each bears his two "tubs," slung across,  
    one in front, one behind,  
To a further snug hiding, which none but  
    themselves are to find.

And then, when the night has turned  
    twelve the air brings  
From dim distance, a rhythm of  
    voices and strings:  
'Tis the quire, just afoot on their long  
    yearly rounds,  
To rouse by worn carols each house  
    in their bounds;  
Robert Penny, the Dewys, Mail, Voss,  
    and the rest; till anon  
Tired and thirsty, but cheerful, they home  
    to their beds in the dawn.

## ICE ON THE HIGHWAY

SEVEN buxom women abreast, and  
arm in arm,  
Trudge down the hill, tip-toed,  
And breathing warm;  
They must perforce trudge thus, to keep  
upright  
On the glassy ice-bound road,  
And they must get to market whether or  
no,  
Provisions running low  
With the nearing Saturday night,  
While the lumbering van wherein they  
mostly ride  
Can nowise go:  
Yet loud their laughter as they stagger  
and slide!

Yell'ham Hill.

## MUSIC IN A SNOWY STREET.

THE weather is sharp,  
But the girls are unmoved:  
One wakes from a harp,  
The next from a viol  
A strain that I loved  
When life was no trial.

The triplettime beat  
Bounds forth on the snow,  
But the spry springing feet  
Of a century ago,  
And the arms that enlaced  
As the couples embraced,  
Are silent old bones  
Under graying gravestones.

The snow-feathers sail  
Across the harp-strings,  
Whose throbbing threads wail  
Like love-satiate things.

Each lyre's grimy mien,  
With its rout-raising tune,  
Against the new white  
Of the flake-laden noon,  
Is incongruous to sight,  
Hinting years they have seen  
Of revel at night  
Ere these damsels became  
Possessed of their frame.

O bygone whirls, heys,  
Crotchets, quavers, the same  
That were danced in the days  
Of grim Bonaparte's fame,  
Or even by the toes  
Of the fair Antoinette,—  
Yea, old notes like those  
Here are living on yet!—  
But of their fame and fashion  
How little these know  
Who strum without passion  
For pence, in the snow!

## THE FROZEN GREENHOUSE

(ST. JULIOT)

“**T**HERE was a frost  
Last night!” she said,  
“And the stove was forgot  
When we went to bed,  
And the greenhouse plants  
Are frozen dead!”

By the breakfast blaze  
Blank-faced spoke she,  
Her scared young look  
Seeming to be  
The very symbol  
Of tragedy.

The frost is fiercer  
Than then to-day,  
As I pass the place  
Of her once dismay,  
But the greenhouse stands  
Warm, tight, and gay,

While she who grieved  
At the sad lot  
Of her pretty plants—  
Cold, iced, forgot—  
Herself is colder,  
And knows it not.

## TWO LIPS

I KISSED them in fancy as I came  
    Away in the morning glow:  
I kissed them through the glass of her  
    picture-frame:  
        She did not know.

I kissed them in love, in troth, in  
    laughter  
        When she knew all; long so!  
That I should kiss them in a shroud  
    thereafter  
        She did not know.



## NO BUYERS

### A STREET SCENE

A LOAD of brushes and baskets  
and cradles and chairs  
Labours along the street in the  
rain:

With it a man, a woman, a pony with  
whiteybrown hairs.—

The man foots in front of the horse  
with a shambling sway

At a slower tread than a funeral  
train,

While to a dirge-like tune he chants  
his wares,

Swinging a Turk's-head brush (in a drum-  
major's way

When the bandsmen march  
and play).

A yard from the back of the man is the  
whiteybrown pony's nose:

He mirrors his master in every item of pace  
and pose:

He stops when the man stops,  
without being told,  
And seems to be eased by a pause;  
too plainly he's old,  
Indeed, not strength enough  
shows  
To steer the disjointed waggon  
straight,  
Which wriggles left and right in a  
rambling line,  
Deflected thus by its own warp and  
weight,  
And pushing the pony with it in each  
incline.

The woman walks on the pave-  
ment verge,  
Parallel to the man:  
She wears an apron white and wide  
in span,  
And carries a like Turk's-head, but more  
in nursing-wise:  
Now and then she joins in his  
dirge,  
But as if her thoughts were on  
distant things.  
The rain clams her apron till it  
clings.—  
So, step by step, they move with  
their merchandize,  
And nobody buys.

## ONE WHO MARRIED ABOVE HIM

“’**T**IS you, I think? Back from your week’s work, Steve?”

“It is I. Back from work this Christmas Eve.”

“But you seem off again?—in this night-rime?”

“I am off again, and thoroughly off this time.”

“What does that mean?”

“More than may first be seen. . .

Half an hour ago I footed homeward  
here,  
No wife found I, nor child, nor maid,  
indoors or near.

She has, as always, gone with them to her  
mother's at the farm,

Where they fare better far than here, and,  
maybe, meet less harm.

She's left no fire, no light, has cooked  
me nothing to eat,

Though she had fuel, and money to get  
some Christmas meat.

Christmas with them is grand, she  
knows, and brings good victual,

Other than how it is here, where it's but  
lean and little.

But though not much, and rough,  
If managed neat there's enough.

She and hers are too highmade for  
me;

But she's whimmed her once too often,  
she'll see!

Farmer Bollen's daughter should never  
have married a man that's poor;

And I can stand it no longer; I'm  
leaving; you'll see me no more, be  
sure."

"But nonsense: you'll be back again ere  
bedtime, and lighting a fire,

And sizzling your supper, and vexing  
not that her views of supper are  
higher."

“Never for me.”

“Well, we shall see.”

The sceptical neighbour and Stephen then  
followed their foredesigned ways,  
And their steps dimmed into white silence  
upon the slippery glaze;  
And the trees went on with their spitting  
amid the iced haze.

The evening whiled, and the wife with  
the babies came home,  
But he was not there, nor all Christmas  
Day did he come.

Christmastide went, and likewise went  
the New Year.

But no husband's footfall revived,  
And month after month lapsed, gray-  
time to green and to sere,  
And other new years arrived,  
And the children grew up: one hus-  
banded and one wived.—

She wept and repented,  
But Stephen never relented.  
And there stands the house, and the  
sycamore-tree and all,  
With its roots forming steps for the  
passers who care to call,

86      MARRIED ABOVE HIM

And there are the mullioned windows,  
and Ham-Hill door,  
Through which Steve's wife was brought  
out, but which Steve re-entered  
no more.

## THE NEW TOY

SHE cannot leave it alone,  
The new toy;  
She pats it, smooths it, rights it, to show  
it's her own,  
As the other train-passengers muse on its  
temper and tone,  
Till she draws from it cries of  
annoy:—  
She feigns to appear as if thinking it  
nothing so rare  
Or worthy of pride, to achieve  
This wonder a child, though with reason  
the rest of them there  
May so be inclined to believe.

QUEEN CAROLINE TO HER  
GUESTS

DEAR friends, stay!  
Lamplit wafts of wit keep  
sorrow  
In the purlieus of to-morrow:  
Dear friends, stay!

Haste not away!  
Even now may Time be weaving  
Tricks of ravage, wrack, bereaving,  
Haste not away!

Through the pane,  
Lurking along the street, there may be  
Heartwings, keeping hid till day be,  
Through the pane.

Check their reign:  
Since while here we are the masters,  
And can barricade dim disasters:  
Check their reign!



Give no ear  
 To those ghosts withoutside mumming,  
 Mouthing, threatening, "We are coming!"  
 Give no ear!

Sheltered here  
 Care we not that next day bring us  
 Pains, perversions! No racks wring us  
 Sheltered here.

Homeward gone,  
 Sleep will slay this merrymaking;  
 No resuming it at waking,  
 Homeward gone.

After dawn  
 Something sad may be befalling;  
 Mood like ours there's no recalling  
 After dawn!

Morrow-day  
 Present joy that moments strengthen  
 May be past our power to lengthen,  
 Morrow-day!

Dear friends, stay!  
 Lamplit wafts of wit keep sorrow  
 In the limbo of to-morrow;  
 Dear friends, stay!

## PLENA TIMORIS

THE lovers looked over the parapet-  
stone:

The moon in its southing directly blent  
Its silver with their environment.

Her ear-rings twinkled; her teeth, too,  
shone

As, his arm around her, they laughed and  
leant.

A man came up to them; then one more.

"There's a woman in the canal below,"

They said; climbed over; slid down;  
let go,

And a splashing was heard, till an arm  
upbore,

And a dripping body began to show.

"Drowned herself for love of a man,

Who at one time used to meet her here,

Until he grew tired. But she'd wait him  
near,

And hope, till hopeless despair began.

So much for love in this mortal sphere!"

The girl's heart shuddered; it seemed as  
to freeze her

That here, at their tryst for so many a day,  
Another woman's tragedy lay.

Dim dreads of the future grew slowly to  
seize her,

And her arm dropt from his as they  
wandered away.

## THE WEARY WALKER

A PLAIN in front of me,  
And there's the road  
Upon it. Wide country,  
And, too, the road!

Past the first ridge another,  
And still the road  
Creeps on. Perhaps no other  
Ridge for the road?

Ah! Past that ridge a third,  
Which still the road  
Has to climb furtherward—  
The thin white road!

Sky seems to end its track;  
But no. The road  
Trails down the hill at the back.  
Ever the road!

## LAST LOVE-WORD

(SONG)

**T**HIS is the last; the very, very last!  
Anon, and all is dead and dumb,  
Only a pale shroud over the past,  
That cannot be  
Of value small or vast,  
Love, then to me!

I can say no more: I have even said too  
much.  
I did not mean that this should come:  
I did not know 'twould swell to such—  
Nor, perhaps, you—  
When that first look and touch,  
Love, doomed us two!

189-.

## NOBODY COMES

TREE-LEAVES labour up and  
down,  
And through them the fainting  
light  
Succumbs to the crawl of night.  
Outside in the road the telegraph wire  
To the town from the darkening  
land  
Intones to travellers like a spectral lyre  
Swept by a spectral hand.

A car comes up, with lamps full-glare,  
That flash upon a tree:  
It has nothing to do with me,  
And whangs along in a world of its  
own,  
Leaving a blacker air;  
And mute by the gate I stand again alone,  
And nobody pulls up there.

October 9, 1924.

## IN THE STREET

(SONG)

ONLY acquaintances  
Seem do we,  
Each of whom, meeting, says  
Civilly  
“Good morning.”—Yes: thus we appear  
to be!

But far, near, left and right,  
Here or there,  
By day or dingiest night,  
Everywhere  
I see you: one incomparably fair!

So do we wend our ways,  
Beautiful girl,  
Along our parallel days;  
While unfurl  
Our futures, and what there may overwhelm  
and whirl.

## THE LAST LEAF

“THE leaves throng thick above:—  
Well, I'll come back, dear Love,  
When they all are down!”

She watched that August tree,  
(None now scorned summer as she),  
Till it broidered it brown.

And then October came blowing,  
And the leaves showed signs they were  
going,  
And she saw up through them.

O how she counted them then!  
—November left her but ten,  
And started to strew them.

“Ah, when they all are gone,  
And the skeleton-time comes on,  
Whom shall I see!”



—When the fifteenth spread its sky  
That month, her upturned eye  
    Could count but three.

And at the close of the week  
A flush flapped over her cheek:  
    The last one fell.

But—he did not come. And, at length,  
Her hope of him lost all strength,  
    And it was as a knell. . . .

When he did come again,  
Years later, a husband then,  
    Heavy somewhat,

With a smile she reminded him:  
And he cried: “Ah, that vow of our  
    whim!—  
    Which I forgot,

“As one does!—And was that the tree?  
So it was!—Dear me, dear me:  
    Yes: I forgot.”

## AT WYNYARD'S GAP

SHE (*on horseback*)

THE hounds pass here?

HE (*on horseback*)

They did an hour ago,  
Just in full cry, and went down-wind, I  
saw,  
Towards Pen Wood, where they may kill,  
and draw  
A second time, and bear towards the Yeo.

SHE

How vexing! And I've crept along un-  
thinking.

HE

Ah!—lost in dreams. Fancy to fancy  
linking!

SHE (*more softly*)

Not that, quite. . . . Now, to settle what  
I'll do.

## HE

Go home again. But have you seen the  
view

From the top there? Not? It's really  
worth your while.—

You must dismount, because there is a  
stile.

*They dismount, hitch their horses, and  
climb a few-score yards from the road.*

There you see half South Wessex,—combe,  
and glen,

And down, to Lewsdon Hill and Pilsdon  
Pen.

## SHE

Yes. It is fine. And I, though living  
out there

By Crewkerne, never knew it. (*She turns  
her head*) Well, I declare,

Look at the horses!—How shall I catch my  
mare?

*The horses have got loose and scampered  
off.*

Now that's your fault, through leading me  
up here!

You must have known 'twould happen—

HE

No, my dear!

SHE

I'm not your dear.

HE (*blandly*)

But you can't help being so,  
If it comes to that. The fairest girl I've  
seen  
Is of course dear—by her own fault, I  
mean.

SHE (*quickly*)

What house is that we see just down below?

HE

Oh—that's the inn called "Wynyard's  
Gap."—I'll go  
While you wait here, and catch those brutes.  
Don't stir.

*He goes. She waits.*

SHE

What a handsome man. Not local, I'll  
aver.

*He comes back.*

HE

I met a farmer's labourer some way on;  
He says he'll bring them to us here anon,  
If possible before the day is dim.  
Come down to the inn: there we can wait  
for him.

*They descend slowly in that direction.*

SHE

What a lonely inn. Why is there such a  
one?

HE

For us to wait at. Thus 'tis things are  
done.

SHE

Thus things are done? Well—what things  
do you mean?

HE

Romantic things. Meetings unknown, un-  
seen.

SHE

But ours is accident, and needn't have  
been,  
And isn't what I'd plan with a stranger,  
quite,  
Particularly at this time—nearly night.

HE

Nor I. But still, the tavern's loneliness  
Is favourable for lovers in distress,  
When they've eloped, for instance, and are  
in fear  
Of being pursued. No one would find them  
here.

*He goes to speak to the labourer ap-  
proaching; and returns.*

He says the horses long have passed the  
combe,  
And cannot be overtaken. They'll go  
home.

SHE

And what's to be done? And it's begin-  
ning to rain.  
'Tis always so. One trouble brings a train!

HE

It seems to me that here we'd better stay  
And rest us till some vehicle comes this  
way:  
In fact, we might put up here till the  
morning:  
The floods are high, and night-farers have  
warning.

SHE

Put up? Do you think so!

HE

I incline to such,  
My *dear* (do you mind?)

SHE

Yes.—Well (*more softly*), I don't much,  
If I seem like it. But I ought to tell  
you  
One thing. I'm married. Being so, it's  
well you—

HE

Oh, so am I. (*A silence, he regarding her*)  
I note a charming thing—  
You stand so stock-still that your ear-ring  
shakes  
At each pulsation which the vein there  
makes.

SHE

Does it? Perhaps because it's fluttering  
To be caught thus! (*In a murmur*) Why  
did we chance to meet here?

HE

God knows! Perhaps to taste a bitter-sweet here.—

Still, let us enter. Shelter we must get:  
The night is darkening and is growing wet.  
So, anyhow, you can treat me as a lover  
Just for this once. To-morrow 'twill be  
over!

*They reach the inn. The door is locked,  
and they discern a board marked "To  
Let." While they stand stultified  
a van is seen drawing near with  
passengers.*

SHE

Ah, here's an end of it! The Crewkerne  
carrier.

HE

So cynic circumstance erects its barrier!

SHE (*mischievously*)

To your love-making, which would have  
grown stronger,  
No doubt, if we had stayed on here much  
longer?

*The carrier comes up. Her companion  
reluctantly hails him.*



HE

Yes. . . . And in which you might have  
 shown some ruth,  
 Had but the inn been open!—Well, for-  
 sooth,  
 I'm sorry it's not. Are you? Now, dear,  
 the truth!

SHE (*with gentle evasiveness*)

I am—almost. But best 'tis thus to be.  
 For—dear one—there I've said it!—you  
 can see  
 That both at one inn (though roomed  
 separately,  
 Of course) —so lone, too—might have been  
 unfit,  
 Perfect as 'tis for lovers, I admit.

HE (*after a sigh*)

Carrier! A lift for my wife, please.

SHE (*in quick undertones*)

Wife? But nay—

HE (*continuing*)

Her horse has thrown her and has gone  
 astray:

See she gets safe to Crewkerne. I've to stay.

CARRIER

I will, sir! I'm for Crookhorn straight away.

HE (*to her, aloud*)

Right now, dear. I shall soon be home.  
Adieu! (*Kisses her*).

SHE (*whispering confusedly*)

You shouldn't! Pretending you are my husband, too!

I now must act the part of wife to you!

HE (*whispering*)

Yes, since I've kissed you, dear. You see it's done

To silence tongues as we're found here alone

At night, by gossipers, and seem as shown  
Staying together!

SHE (*whispering*)

Then must I, too, kiss ?

HE

Yes; a mere matter of form you know,  
To check all scandal. People will talk so!

SHE

I'd no idea it would reach to this!  
(*Kisses him*)  
What makes it worse is, I'm ashamed to  
say,  
I've a young baby waiting me at home!

HE

Ah—there you beat me!—But, my dear-  
est, play  
The wife to the end, and don't give me  
away,  
Despite the baby, since we've got so far,  
And what we've acted feel we almost are!

SHE (*sighing*)

Yes. 'Tis so! And my conscience has  
gone dumb !

(*Aloud*)

'Bye, dear, awhile ! I'll sit up till you  
come.

108      AT WYNYARD'S GAP

*(In a whisper)*

Which means Good-bye for ever, truly  
heard !

Upon to-night be silent !

HE

Never a word,  
Till Pilsdon Pen by Marshwood wind is  
stirred !

*He hands her up. Exeunt omnes.*

AT SHAG'S HEATH  
1685

(TRADITIONAL)

I GRIEVE and grieve for what I have  
done,  
And nothing now is left to me  
But straight to drown; yea, I have slain  
The rarest soul the world shall see!  
—My husband said: "Now thou art wed  
Thou must beware! And should a man  
Cajole, mind, he means ill to thee,  
Depend on't: fool him if ye can!"  
But 'twas King Monmouth, he!

As truth I took what was not true:  
Till darked my door just such a one.  
He asked me but the way to go,  
Though looking all so down and done.  
And as he stood he said, unsued,  
"The prettiest wife I've eyed to-day!"  
And then he kissed me tenderly  
Before he footed fast away  
Did dear King Monmouth, he!

Builded was he so beautiful!—  
Why did I pout a pettish word  
For what he'd done?—Then whisking off—  
For his pursuers' feet were heard—  
“Dear one, keep faith!” he turns and saith,  
And next he vanished in the copse  
Before I knew what such might be,  
And how great fears and how great hopes  
Had rare King Monmouth—he!

Up rode the soldiers. “Where's this  
man?—  
He is the rebel Duke,” say they.  
“And calls himself King Monmouth, sure!”  
Then I believed my husband; aye,  
Though he'd spoke lies in jealous-wise!  
—To Shag's nigh copse beyond the road  
I moved my finger mercilessly;  
And there lay hidden where I showed:  
My dear King Monmouth, he!

The soldiers brought him by my door,  
His elbows bound behind him, fast;  
Passing, he me-ward cast his eyes—  
What eyes of beauty did he cast!  
Grieved was his glance at me askance:  
“I wished all weal might thee attend,  
But this is what th'st done to me,  
O heartless woman, held my friend!”  
Said sweet King Monmouth, he!

O then I saw he was no hind,  
 But a great lord of loftihood,  
 Come here to claim his rule and rights,  
 Who'd wished me, as he'd said, but good.—  
 With tug and jolt, then, out to Holt,  
 To Justice Ettricke, he was led,  
 And thence to London speedily,  
 Where under yester's headsman bled  
     The rare King Monmouth, he!

Last night, the while my husband slept,  
 He rose up at the window there,  
 All blood and blear, and hacked about,  
 With heavy eyes, and rumpled hair;  
 And said: "My Love, 'twas cruel of  
 A Fair like thee to use me so!  
 But now it's nought: from foes I'm free!  
 Sooner or later all must go,"  
     Said dear King Monmouth, he!

"Yes, lovely cruel one!" he said  
 In through the mullioned pane, shroud-  
     pale,  
 "I love you still, would kiss you now,  
 But blood would stain your nighty-rail!"  
 —That's all. And so to drown I go:  
 O wear no weeds, my friends, for me . . .  
 When comes the waterman, he'll say,  
 "Who's done her thuswise?"—'Twill be,  
     yea,  
     Sweet, slain King Monmouth—he!

## A SECOND ATTEMPT

**T**HIRTY years after  
I began again  
An old-time passion:  
And it seemed as fresh as when  
The first day ventured on:  
When mutely I would waft her  
In Love's past fashion  
Dreams much dwelt upon,  
Dreams I wished she knew.

I went the course through,  
From Love's fresh-found sensation—  
Remembered still so well—  
To worn words charged anew,  
That left no more to tell:  
Thence to hot hopes and fears,  
And thence to consummation,  
And thence to sober years,  
Markless, and mellow-hued.



Firm the whole fabric stood,  
Or seemed to stand, and sound  
As it had stood before.  
But nothing backward climbs,  
And when I looked around  
As at the former times,  
There was Life—pale and hoar;  
And slow it said to me,  
“Twice-over cannot be!”

“FREED THE FRET OF  
THINKING”

FREED the fret of thinking,  
Light of lot were we,  
Song with service linking  
Like to bird or bee:  
Chancing bale unblinking,  
Freed the fret of thinking  
On mortality!

Had not thought-endowment  
Beings ever known,  
What Life once or now meant  
None had wanted shown—  
Measuring but the moment—  
Had not thought-endowment  
Caught Creation's groan!

Loosed from wrings of reason,  
We might blow like flowers,  
Sense of Time-wrought treason  
Would not then be ours  
In and out of season;  
Loosed from wrings of reason  
We should laud the Powers!

## THE ABSOLUTE EXPLAINS

### I

“O NO,” said It: her lifedoings  
Time’s touch hath not destroyed:  
They lie their length, with the throbbing  
things  
Akin them, down the Void,  
Live, unalloyed.

### II

“Know, Time is toothless, seen all  
through;  
The Present, that men but see,  
Is phasmal: since in a sane purview  
All things are shaped to be  
Eternally.

### III

“Your ‘Now’ is just a gleam, a glide  
Across your gazing sense:  
With me, ‘Past,’ ‘Future,’ ever abide:  
They come not, go not, whence  
They are never hence.

## IV

“As one upon a dark highway,  
 Plodding by lantern-light,  
 Finds but the reach of its frail ray  
 Uncovered to his sight,  
 Though mid the night.

## V

“The road lies all its length the same,  
 Forwardly as at rear,  
 So, outside what you ‘Present’ name,  
 Future and Past stand sheer,  
 Cognate and clear.”

## VI

—Thus It: who straightway opened then  
 The vista called the Past,  
 Wherein were seen, as fair as when  
 They seemed they could not last,  
 Small things and vast.

## VII

There were those songs, a score times sung,  
 With all their tripping tunes,  
 There were the laughs once that rung,  
 There those unmatched full moons,  
 Those idle noons!

VIII

There fadeless, fixed, were dust-dead  
    flowers  
    Remaining still in blow;  
Elsewhere, wild love-makings in bowers;  
    Hard by, that irised bow  
    Of years ago.

IX

There were my ever memorable  
    Glad days of pilgrimage,  
Coiled like a precious parchment fell,  
    Illumined page by page,  
    Unhurt by age.

X

“—Here you see spread those mortal ails  
    So powerless to restrain  
Your young life’s eager hot assails,  
    With hazards then not plain  
    Till past their pain.

XI

“Here you see her who, by these laws  
    You learn of, still shines on,  
As pleasing-pure as erst she was,  
    Though you think she lies yon,  
    Graved, glow all gone.

## XII

“Here are those others you used to prize.—  
     But why go further we?  
 The Future?—Well, I would advise  
     You let the future be,  
     Unshown by me!

## XIII

“ ’Twould harrow you to see undraped  
     The scenes in ripe array  
 That wait your globe—all worked and  
     shaped;  
     And I’ll not, as I say,  
     Bare them to-day.

## XIV

“In fine, Time is a mock,—yea, such!—  
     As he might well confess:  
 Yet hath he been believed in much,  
     Though lately, under stress  
     Of science, less.

## XV

“And hence, of her you asked about  
     At your first speaking: she  
 Hath, I assure you, not passed out  
     Of continuity,  
     But is in me.

XVI

“So thus doth Being’s length transcend  
Time’s ancient regal claim  
To see all lengths begin and end.  
‘The Fourth Dimension’ fame  
Bruits as its name.”

New Year’s Eve, 1922.

## “SO, TIME”

*(The same thought resumed)*

SO, Time,  
    Royal, sublime;  
Heretofore held to be  
Master and enemy,  
Thief of my Love's adornings,  
Despoiling her to scornings:—  
The sound philosopher  
Now sets him to aver  
    You are nought  
    But a thought  
Without reality.

Young, old  
    Passioned, cold,  
All the loved-lost thus  
Are beings continuous,  
In dateless dure abiding,  
Over the present striding  
With placid permanence  
That knows not transience:  
    Firm in the Vast,  
    First, last;  
Afar, yet close to us.



## AN INQUIRY

### A PHANTASY

*Circumdederunt me dolores mortis.—Ps. xviii.*

I SAID to It: "We grasp not what you  
meant,  
(Dwelling down here, so narrowly  
pinched and pent)  
By crowning Death the King of the Firma-  
ment:  
—The query I admit to be  
One of unwonted size,  
But it is put you sorrowingly,  
And not in idle-wise."

"Sooth, since you ask me gravely," It  
replied,  
"Though too incisive questions I have  
decried,  
This shows some thought, and may be  
justified.  
I'll gauge its value as I go  
Across the Universe,  
And bear me back in a moment or so  
And say, for better or worse."

Many years later, when It came again,  
“That matter an instant back which  
brought you pain,”

It said, “and you besought me to explain:  
Well, my forethoughtless modes to  
you

May seem a shameless thing,  
But—I’d no meaning, that I knew,  
In crowning Death as King!”

## THE FAITHFUL SWALLOW

WHEN summer shone  
    Its sweetest on  
An August day,  
"Here evermore,"  
I said, "I'll stay;  
Not go away  
To another shore  
As fickle they!"

December came:  
'Twas not the same!  
I did not know  
Fidelity  
Would serve me so.  
Frost, hunger, snow;  
And now, ah me,  
Too late to go!

## IN SHERBORNE ABBEY

(17—)

THE moon has passed to the panes  
of the south-aisle wall,  
And brought the mullioned shades and  
shines to fall  
On the cheeks of a woman and man in  
a pew there, pressed  
Together as they pant, and recline for  
rest.

Forms round them loom, recumbent like  
their own,  
Yet differing; for they are chiselled in  
frigid stone;  
In doublets are some; some mailed, as  
whilom ahorse they leapt;  
And stately husbands and wives, side by  
side as they anciently slept.

"We are not like those," she murmurs.

"For ever here set!"

"True, Love," he replies. "We two are not marble yet."

"And, worse," said she; "not husband and wife!"

"But we soon shall be" (from him)  
"if we've life!"

A silence. A trotting of horses is heard without.

The lovers scarce breathe till its echo has quite died out.

"It was they! They have passed, anyhow!"

"Our horse, slily hid by the conduit,  
They've missed, or they'd rushed to  
impound it!"

"And they'll not discover us now."

"Will not, until 'tis too late,  
And we can outface them straight!"

"Why did you make me ride in your front?"  
says she.

"To outwit the law. That was my strategy.

As I was borne off on the pillion behind you,

Th'abductor was you, Dearest, let me remind you;

And seizure of me by an heiress is no  
felony,  
Whatever to do it with me as the seizer  
may be."

Another silence falls. And a cloud comes  
over the moon:  
The print of the panes upon them en-  
feeble, as fallen in a swoon,  
Until they are left in darkness unbroke  
and profound,  
As likewise are left their chill and chiselled  
neighbours around.

A Family tradition.

## THE PAIR HE SAW PASS

O SAD man, now a long dead man,  
To whom it was so real,  
I picture, as 'twere yesterday,  
How you would tell the tale!

Just wived were you, you sad dead man,  
And "settling down," you'd say,  
And had rigged the house you had reared  
for yourself  
And the mate now yours always.

You had eyed and tried each door and lock,  
And cupboard, and bell, and glass,  
When you glanced across to the road  
without,  
And saw a carriage pass.

It bowled along from the old town-gate;  
Two forms its freight, and those  
Were a just-joined pair, as you discerned  
By the favours and the bows.

128 THE PAIR HE SAW PASS

And one of the pair you saw was a Fair  
Whom you had wooed awhile,  
And the other you saw, with a creeping  
awe,  
Was yourself, in bridegroom style.

“And there we rode as man and wife  
In the broad blaze of the sun,”  
Would you aver; yea, you with her  
You had left for another one.

“The morning,” you said, my friend long  
dead,  
“Was ordinary and fine;  
And yet there gleamed, it somehow  
seemed,  
At moments, a strange shine.”

You hailed a boy from your garden-plot,  
And sent him along the way  
To the parish church; whence word was  
brought  
No marriage had been that day.

You mused, you said; till you heard anon  
That at that hour she died  
Whom once, instead of your living wife,  
You had meant to make your bride. . . .



You, dead man, dwelt in your new-built  
house

With no great spirit or will,  
And after your soon decease your spouse  
Re-mated: she lives there still.

Which should be blamed, if either can,  
The teller does not know  
For your mismatch, O weird-wed man,  
Or what you thought was so.

From an old draft.

## THE MOCK WIFE

IT'S a dark drama, this, and yet I know  
the house, and date;  
That is to say, the where and when John  
Channing met his fate.  
The house was one in High Street, seen of  
burghers still alive.  
The year was some two centuries bygone;  
seventeen-hundred and five.

And dying was Channing the grocer. All  
the clocks had struck eleven,  
And the watchers saw that ere the dawn his  
soul would be in Heaven;  
When he said on a sudden: "I should *like*  
to kiss her before I go,—  
For one last time!" They looked at each  
other and murmured, "Even so."

She'd just been haled to prison, his wife;  
yea, charged with shaping his death:  
By poison, 'twas told; and now he was  
nearing the moment of his last breath:

He, witless that his young housemate was  
suspect of such a crime,  
Lay thinking that his pangs were but a  
malady of the time.

Outside the room they pondered gloomily,  
wondering what to do,  
As still he craved her kiss—the dying man  
who nothing knew:  
“Guilty she may not be,” they said; “so  
why should we torture him  
In these his last few minutes of life? Yet  
how indulge his whim?”

And as he begged there piteously for what  
could not be done,  
And the murder-charge had flown about the  
town to every one,  
The friends around him in their trouble  
thought of a hasty plan,  
And straightway set about it. Let denounce  
them all who can.

“O will you do a kindly deed—it may be  
a soul to save;  
At least, great misery to a man with one  
foot in the grave?”  
Thus they to the buxom woman not unlike  
his prisoned wife;  
“The difference he’s past seeing; it will  
soothe his sinking life.”

Well, the friendly neighbour did it; and he  
kissed her; held her fast;  
Kissed her again and yet again. "I—knew  
she'd—come at last!—  
Where have you been?—Ah, kept away!  
—I'm sorry—overtried—  
God bless you!" And he loosed her, fell  
back tiredly, and died.

His wife stood six months after on the  
scaffold before the crowd,  
Ten thousand of them gathered there; fixed,  
silent, and hard-browed,  
To see her strangled and burnt to dust, as  
was the verdict then  
On women truly judged, or false, of doing  
to death their men.

Some of them said as they watched her  
burn: "I am glad he never knew,  
Since a few hold her as innocent—think  
such she could not do!  
Glad, too, that (as they tell) he thought  
she kissed him ere he died."  
And they seemed to make no question that  
the cheat was justified.

THE FIGHT ON DURNOVER  
MOOR

(183—)

WE'D loved, we two, some  
while,  
And that had come which comes when men  
too much beguile;  
And without more ado  
My lady said: "O shame! Get home, and  
hide!" But he was true.

Yes: he was true to me,  
And helped me some miles homealong; and  
vowing to come  
Before the weeks were three,  
And do in church a deed should strike all  
scandal dumb.

And when we had traipsed to Grey's  
great Bridge, and pitched my box  
On its cope, to breathe us there,  
He cried: "What wrangle's that in yonder  
moor? Those knocks,  
Gad, seem not to be fair!

“And a woman on her knees! . . . I’ll  
go. . . . There’s surely some-  
thing wrong!”

I said: “You are tired and spent  
With carrying my heavy things so far and  
long!”

But he would go, and went.

And there I stood, steadying my box, and  
screened from none,  
Upon the crown of the bridge,  
Ashamed o’ my shape, as lower and lower  
slipped the sun  
Down behind Pummery Ridge. . . .

“O you may long wait so!  
Your young man’s done—aye, dead!”  
they by and by ran and cried.

“You shouldn’t have let him go  
And join that whorage, but have kept him  
at your side!

“It was another wench,  
Biggening as you, that he championed:  
yes, he came on straight  
With a warmth no words could  
quench  
For her helpless face, as soon as ever he  
eyed her state,

“And fought her fancy-lad, who had used  
her far from well,  
So soon to make her moan,  
Aye, closed with him in fight, till at a blow  
yours fell,  
His skull against a stone.

“She’d followed him there, this man who’d  
won her, and overwon,  
So, when he set to twit her  
Yours couldn’t abide him—him all other  
fighters shun,  
For he’s a practised hitter.

“Your man moved not, and the constables  
came for the other; so he,  
He’ll never make her his wife  
Any more than yours will you; for they  
say that at least ’twill be  
Across the water for life.”

“O what has she brought about!”  
I groaned: “this woman met here in my  
selfsame plight;  
She’s put another yielding heart’s poor  
candle out  
By dogging her man to-night!

“He might never have done her  
his due  
Of amends! But mine had bidden the  
banns for marrying me!  
Why did we rest on this bridge; why rush  
to a quarrel did he  
With which he had nothing to do!”

But vain were bursts of blame:  
We twain stood like and like, though  
strangers till that hour,  
Foredoomed to tread our paths beneath like  
gaze and glower,  
Bear a like blushful name.

Almost the selfsame day  
It fell that her time and mine came on,—  
a lad and a lass:  
The father o’ mine was where the worms  
waggle under the grass,  
Of hers, at Botany Bay.



LAST LOOK ROUND  
ST. MARTIN'S FAIR

THE sun is like an open furnace  
door,  
Whose round revealed retort contains  
the roar  
Of fires beyond terrene;  
The moon presents the lustre-lacking  
face  
Of a brass dial gone green,  
Whose hours no eye can trace.  
The unsold heathcroppers are driven  
home  
To the shades of the Great Forest  
whence they come  
By men with long cord-waistcoats in brown  
monochrome.  
The stars break out, and flicker in the  
breeze,  
It seems, that twitches the trees.—  
From its hot idol soon  
The fickle unresting earth has turned to a  
fresh patroon—  
The cold, now brighter, moon.

The woman in red, at the nut-stall  
with the gun,  
Lights up, and still goes on:  
She's redder in the flare-lamp than  
the sun  
Showed it ere it was gone.  
Her hands are black with loading all  
the day,  
And yet she treats her labour as 'twere  
play,  
Tosses her ear-rings, and talks ribaldry  
To the young men around as natural gaiety,  
And not a weary work she'd readily  
stay,  
And never again nut-shooting see,  
Though crying, "Fire away!"

## THE CARICATURE

OF the Lady Lu there were stories told,  
For she was a woman of comely  
mould,  
In heart-experience old.

Too many a man for her whimsical sake  
Had borne with patience chill and ache,  
And nightly lain awake!

This epicure in pangs, in her tooth  
For more of the sweet, with a calm unruth  
Cast eyes on a painter-youth.

Her junior he; and the bait of bliss  
Which she knew to throw—not he to  
miss—  
She threw, till he dreamed her his.

To her arts not blind, he yet sued long,  
As a songster jailed by a deed of wrong  
Will shower the doer with song;

Till tried by tones now smart, now suave,  
He would flee in ire, to return a slave  
    Who willingly forgave.

When no! One day he left her door,  
"I'll ease mine agony!" he swore,  
    "And bear this thing no more!

"I'll practise a plan!" Thereon he took  
Her portrait from his sketching-book,  
    And, though his pencil shook,

He moulded on the real its mock;  
Of beauteous brow, lip, eye, and lock  
    Composed a laughingstock.

Amazed at this satire of his long lure,  
Whenever he scanned it he'd scarce endure  
    His laughter. 'Twas his cure.

And, even when he woke in the night,  
And chanced to think of the comic sight,  
    He laughed till exhausted quite.

"Why do you laugh?" she said one day  
As he gazed at her in a curious way.  
    "Oh—for nothing," said he. "Mere  
    play."

—A gulf of years then severed the twain;  
Till he heard—a painter of high attain—  
She was dying on her domain.

“And,” dryly added the friend who told,  
“You may know or not that, in semblance  
cold,  
She loved once, loved whole-souled;

“And that you were the man? Did you  
break your vow?  
Well, well; she is good as gone by now . . .  
But you hit her, all allow!”

Ah, the blow past bearing that he received!  
In his bachelor quiet he grieved and grieved;  
How cruel; how self-deceived!

Did she ever know?. . . Men pitied his  
state  
As the curse of his own contrivance ate  
Like canker into his fate.

For ever that thing of his evil craft  
Uprose on his grief—his mocking draught—  
Till, racked, he insanely laughed.

Thence onward folk would muse in doubt  
What gloomed him so as he walked about,  
But few, or none, found out.

## A LEADER OF FASHION

N<sup>EVER</sup> has she known  
The way a robin will skip and  
come,  
With an eye half bold, half timorsome,  
To the table's edge for a breakfast crumb:

Nor has she seen  
A streak of roseate gently drawn  
Across the east, that means the dawn,  
When, up and out, she foots it on:

Nor has she heard  
The rustle of the sparrow's tread  
To roost in roof-holes near her head  
When dusk bids her, too, seek her bed:

Nor has she watched  
Amid a stormy eve's turmoil  
The pipkin slowly come to boil,  
In readiness for one at toil:

Nor has she hearkened  
Through the long night-time, lone and  
numb,  
For sounds of sent-for help to come  
Ere the swift-sinking life succumb:

Nor has she ever  
Held the loved-lost one on her arm,  
Attired with care his straightened form,  
As if he were alive and warm:

Yea, never has she  
Known, seen, heard, felt, such things as  
these,  
Haps of so many in their degrees  
Throughout their count of calvaries!

## MIDNIGHT ON BEECHEN, 187-

ON Beechen Cliff self-commune I  
This night of mid-June, mute and  
dry;

When darkness never rises higher  
Than Bath's dim concave, towers, and spire,  
Last eveglow loitering in the sky

To feel the dawn, close lurking by,  
The while the lamps as glow-worms lie  
In a glade, myself their lonely eyer  
On Beechen Cliff:

The city sleeps below. I sigh,  
For there dwells one, all testify,  
To match the maddest dream's desire:  
What swain with her would not aspire  
To walk the world, yea, sit but nigh  
On Beechen Cliff!



## THE AËROLITE

I THOUGHT a germ of Consciousness  
Escaped on an aërolite  
Aions ago  
From some far globe, where no distress  
Had means to mar supreme delight;

But only things abode that made  
The power to feel a gift uncloyed  
Of gladsome glow,  
And life unendingly displayed  
Emotions loved, desired, enjoyed.

And that this stray, exotic germ  
Fell wanderingly upon our sphere,  
After its wingings,  
Quickened, and showed to us the worm  
That gnaws vitalities native here,

And operated to unblind  
Earth's old-established innocence  
Of stains and stingings,  
Which grin no griefs while not opined  
But cruelly tax intelligence.

“How shall we,” then the seers said,  
“Oust this awareness, this disease  
    Called sense, here sown,  
Though good, no doubt, where it was bred,  
And wherein all things work to please?”

Others cried: “Nay, we rather would,  
Since this untoward gift is sent  
    For ends unknown,  
Limit its registerings to good,  
And hide from it all anguishment.”

I left them pondering. This was how  
    (Or so I dreamed) was waked on earth  
    The mortal moan  
Begot of sentience. Maybe now  
Normal unawareness waits rebirth.

## THE PROSPECT

THE twigs of the birch imprint the  
December sky  
Like branching veins upon a thin old  
hand;  
I think of summer-time, yes, of last July,  
When she was beneath them, greeting a  
gathered band  
Of the urban and bland.

Iced airs wheeze through the skeletoned  
hedge from the north,  
With steady snores, and a numbing that  
threatens snow,  
And skaters pass; and merry boys go  
forth  
To look for slides. But well, well do I  
know  
Whither I would go!

December 1912.

## GENITRIX LAESA

(MEASURE OF A SARUM SEQUENCE)

NATURE, through these generations  
You have nursed us with a patience  
Cruelly crossed by malversations,  
Marring mother-ministry  
To your multitudes, so blended  
By your processes, long-tended,  
And the painstaking expended  
On their chording tunefully.

But this stuff of slowest moulding,  
In your fancy ever enfolding  
Life that rhythmic chime is holding:  
(Yes; so deem it you, Ladye—  
This "concordia discors"! )—truly,  
Rather, as if some imp unruly  
Twitched your artist-arm when newly  
Shaping forth your scenery!

Aye. Yet seem you not to know it.  
Hence your world-work needs must show it  
Good in dream, in deed below it:

(Lady, yes: so sight it we!)

Thus, then, go on fondly thinking:  
Why should man your purblind blinking  
Crave to cure, when all is sinking  
To dissolubility.

## THE FADING ROSE

I SAW a rose, in bloom, but sad,  
Shedding the petals that still it had,  
And I heard it say: "O where is she  
Who used to come and muse on me?"

"The pruner says she comes no more  
Because she loves another flower,  
The weeder says she's tired of me  
Because I droop so suddenly.

"Because of a sweetheart she comes not,  
Declares the man with the watering-pot;  
'She does not come,' says he with the rake,  
'Because all women are fickle in make.'

"He with the spade and humorous leer  
Says: 'Know, I delve elsewhere than here,  
Mid text-writ stones and grassy heaps,  
Round which a curious silence creeps.

“ ‘She must get to you underground  
If any way at all be found,  
For, clad in her beauty, marble’s kin,  
’Tis there I have laid her and trod her  
in.’ ”

## WHEN OATS WERE REAPED

THAT day when oats were reaped, and  
wheat was ripe, and barley ripening,  
The road-dust hot, and the bleaching  
grasses dry,  
I walked along and said,  
While looking just ahead to where some  
silent people lie:

“I wounded one who’s there, and now  
know well I wounded her;  
But, ah, she does not know that she  
wounded me!”  
And not an air stirred,  
Nor a bill of any bird; and no response  
accorded she.

August 1913.



## LOUIE

I AM forgetting Louie the buoyant;  
Why not raise her phantom, too,  
Here in daylight  
With the elect one's?  
She will never thrust the foremost figure  
out of view!

Mid this heat, in gauzy muslin  
See I Louie's life-lit brow  
Here in daylight  
By the elect one's.—  
Long two strangers they and far apart;  
such neighbours now!

July 1913.

“SHE OPENED THE DOOR”

SHE opened the door of the West to me,  
With its loud sea-lashings,  
And cliff-side clashings  
Of waters rife with revelry.

She opened the door of Romance to me,  
The door from a cell  
I had known too well,  
Too long, till then, and was fain to flee.

She opened the door of a Love to me,  
That passed the wry  
World-welters by  
As far as the arching blue the lea.

She opens the door of the Past to me,  
Its magic lights,  
Its heavenly heights,  
When forward little is to see!

1913.

“WHAT’S THERE TO TELL?”

(SONG)

WHAT’S there to tell of the world  
More than is told?  
—Into its vortex hurled,  
Out of it rolled,  
Can we yet more of the world  
Find to be told?  
Lalla-la, lu!

If some could last alive  
Much might be told;  
Yes, gladness might survive;  
But they go cold—  
Each and each late alive—  
All their tale told.  
Lalla-la, lu!

There’s little more of the world,  
Then, to be told;

156 "WHAT'S THERE TO TELL?"

Had ever life unfurled  
Joys manifold  
There had been more of the world  
Left to be told.  
Lalla-la, lalla-la, lalla-la, lu!

## THE HARBOUR BRIDGE

FROM here, the quay, one looks above  
to mark  
The bridge across the harbour, hanging  
dark  
Against the day's-end sky, fair-green in  
glow  
Over and under the middle archway's bow:  
It draws its skeleton where the sun has set,  
Yea, clear from cutwater to parapet;  
On which mild glow, too, lines of rope and  
spar  
Trace themselves black as char.

Down here in shade we hear the painters  
shift  
Against the bollards with a drowsy lift,  
As moved by the incoming stealthy tide.  
High up across the bridge the burghers  
glide  
As cut black-paper portraits hastening on  
In conversation none knows what upon:  
Their sharp-edged lips move quickly word  
by word  
To speech that is not heard.

158 THE HARBOUR BRIDGE

There trails the dreamful girl, who leans  
and stops,  
There presses the practical woman to the  
shops,  
There is a sailor, meeting his wife with a  
start,  
And we, drawn nearer, judge they are  
keeping apart.  
Both pause. She says: "I've looked for  
you. I thought  
We'd make it up." Then no words can  
be caught.  
At last: "Won't you come home?" She  
moves still nigher:  
" 'Tis comfortable, with a fire."

"No," he says gloomily. "And, anyhow,  
I can't give up the other woman now:  
You should have talked like that in former  
days,  
When I was last home." They go differ-  
ent ways.  
And the west dims, and yellow lamplights  
shine:  
And soon above, like lamps more opaline,  
White stars ghost forth, that care not for  
men's wives,  
Or any other lives.

Weymouth.

## VAGRANT'S SONG

(WITH AN OLD WESSEX REFRAIN)

### I

WHEN a dark-eyed dawn  
Crawls forth, cloud-drawn,  
And starlings doubt the night-time's close;  
And "three months yet,"  
They seem to fret,  
"Before we cease us slaves of snows,  
And sun returns  
To loose the burns,  
And this wild woe called Winter goes!"—  
O a hollow tree  
Is as good for me  
As a house where the back-brand glows!  
*Che-hane, mother; che-hane, mother,*  
As a house where the back-brand glows!

Line 12: "back-brand"—the log which used to be laid at the back of a wood fire.

## II

When autumn brings  
A whirr of wings  
Among the evergreens around,  
And sundry thrills  
About their quills  
Awe rooks, and misgivings abound,  
And the joyless pines  
In leaning lines  
Protect from gales the lower ground,  
O a hollow tree  
Is as good for me  
As a house of a thousand pound!  
*Che-hane, mother; che-hane, mother,*  
As a house of a thousand pound!



## FARMER DUNMAN'S FUNERAL

“**B**URY me on a Sunday,”  
He said; “so as to see  
Poor folk there. ’Tis their one day  
To spare for following me.”

And mindful of that Sunday,  
He wrote, while he was well,  
On ten rum-bottles one day,  
“*Drink for my funeral.*”

They buried him on a Sunday,  
That folk should not be balked  
His wish, as ’twas their one day:  
And forty couple walked.

They said: “To have it Sunday  
Was always his concern;  
His meaning being that one day  
He’d do us a good turn.

162      DUNMAN'S FUNERAL

“We must, had it been Monday,  
Have got it over soon,  
But now we gain, being Sunday,  
A jolly afternoon.”

## THE SEXTON AT LONGPUDDLE

HE passes down the churchyard track  
On his way to toll the bell;  
And stops, and looks at the graves around,  
And notes each finished and greening  
mound  
    Complacently,  
    As their shaper he,  
And one who can do it well.  
And, with a prosperous sense of his doing,  
    Thinks he'll not lack  
Plenty such work in the long ensuing  
    Futurity.  
For people will always die,  
And he will always be nigh  
    To shape their cell.

## THE HARVEST-SUPPER

(*Circa 1850*)

NELL and the other maids danced their  
    best  
    With the Scotch-Greys in the barn;  
These had been asked to the harvest-  
    feast;  
    Red shapes amid the corn.

Nell and the other maids sat in a row  
    Within the benched barn-nook;  
Nell led the songs of long ago  
    She'd learnt from never a book.

She sang of the false Sir John of old,  
    The lover who witched to win,  
And the parrot, and cage of glittering gold;  
    And the other maids joined in.

Then whispered to her a gallant Grey,  
    "Dear, sing that ballet again!  
For a bonnier mouth in a bonnier way  
    Has sung not anywhen!"

As she loosed her lips anew there sighed  
 To Nell through the dark barn-door  
 The voice of her Love from the night  
 outside,  
 Who was buried the month before:

“O Nell, can you sing ballets there,  
 And I out here in the clay,  
 Of lovers false of yore, nor care  
 What you vowed to me one day!

“O can you dance with soldiers bold,  
 Who kiss when dancing’s done,  
 Your little waist within their hold,  
 As ancient troth were none!”

She cried: “My heart is pierced with a  
 wound!  
 There’s something outside the wall  
 That calls me forth to a greening mound:  
 I can sing no more at all!

“My old Love rises from the worms,  
 Just as he used to be,  
 And I must let gay gallants’ arms  
 No more encircle me!”

166 THE HARVEST-SUPPER

They bore her home from the merry-  
making;

Bad dreams disturbed her bed:

“Nevermore will I dance and sing,”

Mourned Nell; “and never wed!”

## AT A PAUSE IN A COUNTRY DANCE

(MIDDLE OF LAST CENTURY)

THEY stood at the foot of the figure,  
And panted: they'd danced it down  
through—  
That "Dashing White Serjeant" they loved  
so:—

A window, uncurtained, was nigh them  
That end of the room. Thence in view

Outside it a valley updrew,  
Where the frozen moon lit frozen snow:  
At the furthestmost reach of the valley  
A light from a window shone low.  
"They are inside that window," said she,

As she looked. "They sit up there for me;  
And baby is sleeping there, too."  
He glanced. "Yes," he said. "Never  
mind,"

Let's foot our way up again; do!  
And dance down the line as before.

“What’s the world to us, meeting once  
more!”

“—Not much, when your husband full  
trusts you,

And thinks the child his that I bore!”

He was silent. The fiddlers six-eighted

With even more passionate vigour.

The pair swept again up the figure,

The child’s cuckoo-father and she,

And the next couples threaded below,

And the twain wove their way to the top

Of “The Dashing White Serjeant” they  
loved so,

Restarting: right, left, to and fro.

—From the homestead, seen yon, the small  
glow

Still adventured forth over the white,

Where the child slept, unknowing who  
sired it,

In the cradle of wicker tucked tight,

And its grandparents, nodding, admired it

In elbow-chairs through the slow night.



ON THE PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN  
ABOUT TO BE HANGED

COMELY and capable one of our race,  
Posing there in your gown of grace,  
Plain, yet becoming;  
    Could subtlest breast  
    Ever have guessed  
What was behind that innocent face,  
    Drumming, drumming!

Would that your Causer, ere knoll your  
    knell  
For this riot of passion, might deign to tell  
    Why, since It made you  
    Sound in the germ,  
    It sent a worm  
To madden Its handiwork, when It might  
    well  
    Not have assayed you,

Not have implanted, to your deep rue,  
The Clytaemnestra spirit in you,

170 PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN

And with purblind vision  
Sowed a tare  
In a field so fair,  
And a thing of symmetry, seemly to view,  
Brought to derision!

January 6, 1923.

## THE CHURCH AND THE WEDDING

“I’LL restore this old church for our  
marriage:  
I’ve ordered the plans:  
Style of wedding your choice—foot or  
carriage—  
By licence, or banns.”

He restored it, as though built newly:  
The bishop was won  
To preach, who pronounced it truly  
A thing well done.

But the wedding waits; long, long has  
waited;  
And guesswork is dumb  
Why those who were there to have mated  
Do not come.

172 CHURCH AND WEDDING

And when the nights moan like the wailings  
Of souls sore-tried,  
The folk say who pass the church-palings  
They hear inside

Strange sounds as of anger and sadness  
That cut the heart's core,  
And shaken words bitter to madness;  
And then no more.

## THE SHIVER

FIVE long clangs from the house-clock  
nigh,

And I woke with a sigh:  
Stars wore west like a slow tide flowing,  
And my lover had told yesternight of his  
going,—

That at this gray hour he'd be hasting by,

Starting betimes on a journey afar:—

So, casement ajar,  
I eyed in the upland pasture his figure,  
A dim dumb speck, growing darker and  
bigger,  
Then smalling to nought where the nut-  
trees are.

He could not bend his track to my window,  
he'd said,

Being hurried ahead:  
But I wished he had tried to!—and then  
felt a shiver,

Corpse-cold, as he sank toward the town  
by the river;  
And back I went sadly and slowly to bed.

What meant my shiver while seeing him  
pass

As a dot on the grass  
I surmised not then. But later I knew it  
When came again he; and my words out-  
drew it,

As said he: "It's hard for your bearing,  
alas!

"But I've seen, I have clasped, where the  
smart ships plough,

One of far brighter brow.

A sea-goddess. Shiver not. One far  
rarer

In gifts than I find thee; yea, warmer and  
fairer:—

I seek her again; and I love you not now."

## “NOT ONLY I”

NOT only I  
Am doomed awhile to lie  
In this close bin with earthen sides;  
But the things I thought, and the songs I  
sang,  
And the hopes I had, and the passioned  
pang  
For people I knew  
Who passed before me,  
Whose memory barely abides;  
And the visions I drew  
That daily upbore me!

And the joyous springs and summers,  
And the jaunts with blithe new-  
comers,  
And my plans and appearances; drives  
and rides  
That fanned my face to a lively red;  
And the grays and blues  
Of the far-off views,

That nobody else discerned outspread;  
And little achievements for blame or  
    praise;  
Things left undone; things left unsaid;  
    In brief, my days!

Compressed here in six feet by two,  
    In secrecy  
    To lie with me  
    Till the Call shall be,  
Are all these things I knew,  
Which cannot be handed on;  
Strange happenings quite unrecorded,  
Lost to the world and disregarded,  
That only thinks: "Here moulders till  
    Doom's-dawn  
A woman's skeleton."



SHE SAW HIM, SHE SAID

“WHY, I saw you with the sexton,  
outside the church-door,  
So I did not hurry me home,  
Thinking you'd not be come,  
Having something to him to say.—  
Yes: 'twas you, Dear, though you seemed  
sad, heart-sore;  
How fast you've got therefrom!”

“I've not been out. I've watched the  
moon through the birch,  
And heard the bell toll. Yes,  
Like a passing soul in distress!”  
“—But no bell's tolled to-day?” . . .  
His face looked strange, like the face of  
him seen by the church,  
And she sank to musefulness.

## ONCE AT SWANAGE

THE spray sprang up across the cusps  
of the moon,  
And all its light loomed green  
As a witch-flame's weirdsome sheen  
At the minute of an incantation scene;  
And it greened our gaze—that night at  
demilune.

Roaring high and roaring low was the sea  
Behind the headland shores:  
It symbolized the slamming of doors,  
Or a regiment hurrying over hollow  
floors. . . .  
And there we two stood, hands clasped;  
I and she!

## THE FLOWER'S TRAGEDY

IN the bedchamber window, near the  
glass,  
Stood the little flower in the little vase,  
Unnoticed quite  
For a whole fortnight,  
And withered for lack of watering  
To a skeleton mere—a mummied thing.

But it was not much, mid a world of  
teen,  
That a flower should waste in a nook  
unseen!

One needed no thought to ascertain  
How it happened; that when she went in  
the rain  
To return here not,  
She was mindless what  
She had left here to perish.—Ah, well:  
for an hour  
I wished I had not found the flower!

Yet it was not much. And she never had  
known  
Of the flower's fate; nor it of her own.

## AT THE AQUATIC SPORTS

WITH their backs to the sea two  
fiddlers stand  
Facing the concourse on the strand,  
And a third man who sings.  
The sports proceed; there are crab-  
catchings;  
The people laugh as levity spreads;  
Yet these three do not turn their heads  
To see whence the merriment springs.

They cease their music, but even then  
They stand as before, do those three men,  
Though pausing, nought to do:  
They never face to the seaward view  
To enjoy the contests, add their cheer,  
So wholly is their being here  
A business they pursue.

## A WATCHER'S REGRET

J. E.'S STORY

I SLEPT across the front of the clock,  
Close to the long case-door;  
The hours were brought by their brazen  
knock  
To my ear as the slow nights wore.

Thus did I, she being sick to death,  
That each hour as it belled  
Should wake me to rise, and learn by her  
breath  
Whether her strength still held.

Yet though throughout life's midnights all  
I would have watched till spent  
For her dear sake, I missed the call  
Of the hour in which she went.

## HORSES ABOARD

**H**ORSES in horsecloths stand in a row  
On board the huge ship, that at  
last lets go:

Whither are they sailing? They do not  
know,

Nor what for, nor how.—

They are horses of war,  
And are going to where there is fighting  
afar;

But they gaze through their eye-holes un-  
witting they are,

And that in some wilderness, gaunt and  
ghast,

Their bones will bleach ere a year has  
passed,

And the item be as “war-waste” classed.—

And when the band booms, and the folk  
say “Good-bye!”

And the shore slides astern, they appear  
wrenched awry

From the scheme Nature planned for them,  
—wondering why.

## THE HISTORY OF AN HOUR

VAIN is the wish to try rhyming it,  
writing it!

Pen cannot weld into words what it was;  
Time will be squandered in toil at in-  
diting it;  
Clear is the cause!

Yea, 'twas too satiate with soul, too  
ethereal;

June-morning scents of a rose-bush in  
flower

Catch in a clap-net of hempen material;  
So catch that hour!

## THE MISSED TRAIN

HOW I was caught  
Hieing home, after days of  
allure,  
And forced to an inn—small, obscure—  
At the junction, gloom-fraught.

How civil my face  
To get them to chamber me there—  
A roof I had scorned, scarce aware  
That it stood at the place.

And how all the night  
I had dreams of the unwitting cause  
Of my lodgment. How lonely I was;  
How consoled by her sprite!

Thus onetime to me . . .  
Dim wastes of dead years bar away  
Then from now. But such happenings  
to-day  
Fall to lovers, may be!



THE MISSED TRAIN 185

Years, years as shoaled seas,  
Truly, stretch now between! Less and  
less  
Shrink the visions then vast in me.—Yes,  
Then in me: Now in these.

## UNDER HIGH-STOY HILL

FOUR climbed High-Stoy from Ivel-  
wards,  
Where hedge meets hedge, and cart-ruts  
wind,  
Chattering like birds,  
And knowing not what lay behind.

We laughed beneath the moonlight blink,  
Said supper would be to our mind,  
And did not think  
Of Time, and what might lie behind. . . .

The moon still meets that tree-tipped  
height,  
The road—as then—still trails inclined;  
But since that night  
We have well learnt what lay behind!

For all of the four then climbing here  
But one are ghosts, and he brow-lined;  
With him they fare,  
Yet speak not of what lies behind.

## AT THE MILL

O MILLER KNOX, whom we knew  
    well,  
And the mill, and the floury floors,  
And the corn,—and those two women,  
    And infants—yours!

The sun was shining when you rode  
    To market on that day:  
The sun was set when home-along  
    You ambled in the gray,  
And gathered what had taken place  
    While you were away.

O Miller Knox, 'twas grief to see  
    Your good wife hanging there  
By her own rash and passionate hand,  
    In a throe of despair;

And those two children, one by her,  
    And one by the waiting-maid,  
Borne the same hour, and you afar,  
    And she past aid.

And though sometimes you walk of nights,  
Sleepless, to Yalbury Brow,  
And glance the graveyard way, and grunt,  
“ ’Twas not much, anyhow:  
She shouldn't ha' minded!” nought it  
helps  
To say that now.

And the water dribbles down your wheel,  
Your mead blooms green and gold,  
And birds twit in your apple-boughs  
Just as of old.

## ALIKE AND UNLIKE

(GREAT-ORME'S HEAD)

WE watched the selfsame scene on  
that long drive,  
Saw the magnificent purples, as one eye,  
Of those near mountains; saw the storm  
arrive;  
Laid up the sight in memory, you and I,  
As if for joint recallings by and by.

But our eye-records, like in hue and line,  
Had superimposed on them, that very day,  
Gravings on your side deep, but slight on  
mine!—

Tending to sever us thenceforth alway;  
Mine commonplace; yours tragic, grue-  
some, gray.

## THE THING UNPLANNED

THE white winter sun struck its stroke  
on the bridge,  
The meadow-rills rippled and gleamed  
As I left the thatched post-office, just by  
the ridge,  
And dropped in my pocket her long tender  
letter,  
With: "This must be snapped! it is more  
than it seemed;  
And now is the opportune time!"

But against what I willed worked the  
surging sublime  
Of the thing that I did—the thing  
better!

## THE SHEEP BOY

A YAWNING, sunned concave  
Of purple, spread as an ocean  
wave  
Entroughed on a morning of swell  
and sway  
After a night when wind-fiends have been  
heard to rave:  
Thus was the Heath called "Draäts",  
on an August day.

Suddenly there intunes a hum:  
This side, that side, it seems to come.  
From the purple in myriads rise the  
bees  
With consternation mid their rapt  
employ.  
So headstrongly each speeds him  
past, and flees,  
As to strike the face of the shepherd-  
boy.

Awhile he waits, and wonders what  
they mean;

Till none is left upon the shagged  
demesne.

To learn what ails, the sheep-boy  
looks around;

Behind him, out of the sea in swirls  
Flexuous and solid, clammy vapour-curles  
Are rolling over Pokeswell Hills to the  
inland ground.

Into the heath they sail,  
And travel up the vale  
Like the moving pillar of cloud raised by  
the Israelite:—

In a trice the lonely sheep-boy seen so late  
ago,

Draäts'-Hollow in gorgeous blow,  
And Kite-Hill's regal glow,  
Are viewless—folded into those creeping  
scrolls of white.

On Rainbarrows.



## RETTY'S PHASES

### I

RETTY used to shake her head,  
Look with wicked eye;  
Say, "I'd tease you, simplehead,  
If I cared to try!"  
Then she'd hot-up scarlet red,  
Stilly step away,  
Much afraid that what she'd said  
Sounded bold to say.

### II

Retty used to think she loved  
(Just a little) me  
Not untruly, as it proved  
Afterwards to be.  
For, when weakness forced her rest  
If we walked a mile,  
She would whisper she was blest  
By my clasp awhile.

## III

Retty used at last to say  
When she neared the Vale,  
“Mind that you, Dear, on that day  
Ring my wedding peal!”  
And we all, with pulsing pride,  
Vigorous sounding gave  
Those six bells, the while outside  
John filled in her grave.

## IV

Retty used to draw me down  
To the turfy heaps,  
Where, with yeoman, squire, and clown  
Noticeless she sleeps.  
Now her silent slumber-place  
Seldom do I know,  
For when last I saw her face  
Was so long ago!

From an old draft of 1868.

NOTE.—In many villages it was customary after the funeral of an unmarried young woman to ring a peal as for her wedding while the grave was being filled in, as if Death were not to be allowed to balk her of bridal honours. Young unmarried men were always her bearers.

## A POOR MAN AND A LADY

WE knew it was not a valid thing,  
And only sanct in the sight of God  
(To use your phrase), as with fervent nod  
You swore your assent when I placed the  
ring

On your pale slim hand. Our whispering  
Was soft as the fan of a turtledove  
That round our heads might have seemed  
to wing;

So solemn were we; so sincere our love.

We could do no better; and thus it stood  
Through a time of timorous secret bliss,  
Till we were divided, and never a kiss  
Of mine could touch you, or likelihood  
Illumed our sky that we might, or should  
Be each to each in the world's wide eye  
What we were unviewed; and our vows  
make good

In the presence of parents and standers by.

196 A POOR MAN AND A LADY

I was a striver with deeds to do,  
And little enough to do them with,  
And a comely woman of noble kith,  
With a courtly match to make, were you;  
And we both were young; and though  
sterling-true  
You had proved to our pledge under  
previous strains,  
Our "union," as we called it, grew  
Less grave to your eyes in your town  
campaigns.

Well: the woeful neared, you needn't be  
told:  
The current news-sheets clarioned soon  
That you would be wived on a summer  
noon  
By a man of illustrious line and old:  
Nor better nor worse than the manifold  
Of marriages made, had there not been  
Our faith-swearing when fervent-souled,  
Which, to me, seemed a breachless bar  
between.

We met in a Mayfair church, alone:  
(The request was mine, which you yielded  
to.)  
"But we were not married at all!" urged  
you:  
"Why, of course we were!" I said. Your  
tone,

I noted, was world-wise. You went on:  
“ ’Twas sweet while it lasted. But you  
    well know  
That law is law. He’ll be, anon,  
My husband *really*. You, Dear, weren’t  
    so.”

“I wished—but to learn if——” faltered  
    I,  
And stopped. “But I’ll sting you not.  
    Farewell!”  
And we parted.—Do you recall the bell  
That tolled by chance as we said good-  
    bye? . . .  
I saw you no more. The track of a high,  
Sweet, liberal lady you’ve doubtless trod.  
—All’s past! No heart was burst thereby,  
And no one knew, unless it was God.

NOTE.—The foregoing was intended to preserve an episode in the story of “The Poor Man and the Lady,” written in 1868, and, like these lines, in the first person; but never printed, and ultimately destroyed.

## AN EXPOSTULATION

WHY want to go afar  
Where pitfalls are,  
When all we swains adore  
Your featness more and more  
As heroine of our artless masquings here,  
And count few Wessex' daughters half so  
dear?

Why paint your appealing face,  
When its born grace  
Is such no skill can match  
With powder, puff, or patch,  
Whose every touch defames your bloom-  
fulness,  
And with each stain increases our distress?

Yea, is it not enough  
That (rare or rough  
Your lines here) all uphold you,  
And as with wings enfold you,  
But you must needs desert the kine-cropt  
vale  
Wherein your foredames gaily filled the  
pail?

## TO A SEA-CLIFF

(DURLSTON HEAD)

LEND me an ear  
While I read you here  
A page from your history,  
Old cliff—not known  
To your solid stone,  
Yet yours inseparably.

Near to your crown  
There once sat down  
A silent listless pair;  
And the sunset ended,  
And dark descended,  
And still the twain sat there.

Past your jutting head  
Then a line-ship sped,  
Lit brightly as a city;  
And she sobbed: "There goes  
A man who knows  
I am his, beyond God's pity!"

He slid apart  
Who had thought her heart  
His own, and not aboard  
A bark, sea-bound. . . .  
That night they found  
Between them lay a sword.



## THE ECHO ELF ANSWERS

HOW much shall I love her?  
For life, or not long?  
"Not long."

Alas! When forget her?  
In years, or by June?  
"By June."

And whom woo I after?  
No one, or a throng?  
"A throng."

Of these shall I wed one  
Long hence, or quite soon?  
"Quite soon."

And which will my bride be?  
The right or the wrong?  
"The wrong."

And my remedy—what kind?  
Wealth-wove, or earth-hewn?  
"Earth-hewn."

## CYNIC'S EPITAPH

A RACE with the sun as he downed  
I ran at evetide,  
Intent who should first gain the ground  
And there hide.

He beat me by some minutes then,  
But I triumphed anon,  
For when he'd to rise up again  
I stayed on.

A BEAUTY'S SOLILOQUY  
DURING HER HONEYMOON

TOO late, too late! I did not know  
my fairness  
Would catch the world's keen eyes so!  
How the men look at me! My radiant  
rareness  
I deemed not they would prize so!

That I was a peach for any man's possession  
Why did not some one say  
Before I leased myself in an hour's obsession  
To this dull mate for aye!

His days are mine. I am one who cannot  
steal her  
Ahead of his plodding pace:  
As he is, so am I. One doomed to feel her  
A wasted form and face!

## 204 A BEAUTY'S SOLILOQUY

I was so blind! It did sometimes just strike  
me

All girls were not as I,  
But, dwelling much alone, how few were  
like me

I could not well descry;

Till, at this Grand Hotel, all looks bend  
on me

In homage as I pass  
To take my seat at breakfast, dinner,—con  
me

As poorly spoused, alas!

I was too young. I dwelt too much on  
duty:

If I had guessed my powers  
Where might have sailed this cargo of choice  
beauty

In its unanchored hours!

Well, husband, poor plain man; I've lost  
life's battle!—

Come—let them look at me.

O damn, don't show in your looks that I'm  
your chattel

Quite so emphatically!

In a London Hotel, 1892.

## DONAGHADEE

(SONG)

I'VE never gone to Donaghadee,  
That vague far townlet by the sea;  
In Donaghadee I shall never be:  
Then why do I sing of Donaghadee,  
That I know not in a faint degree? . . .  
—Well, once a woman wrote to me  
With a tender pen from Donaghadee.

“Susan,” I’ve sung, “Pride of Kildare,”  
Because I’d heard of a Susan there,  
The “Irish Washerwoman’s” capers  
I’ve shared for hours to midnight tapers,  
And “Kitty O’Linch” has made me spin  
Till dust rose high, and day broke in:  
That other “Kitty, of Coleraine,”  
Too, set me aching in heart and brain:  
While “Kathleen Mavourneen,” of course,  
would ring  
When that girl learnt to make me sing.

Then there was "Irish Molly O"  
I tuned as "the fairest one I know,"  
And "Nancy Dawson," if I remember,  
Rhymed sweet in moonlight one September.

But the damsel who once wrote so free  
And tender toned from Donaghadee,  
Is a woman who has no name for me—  
Moving sylph-like, mysteriously,  
(For doubtless, of that sort is she)  
In the pathways of her destiny;  
But that is where I never shall be;—  
And yet I sing of Donaghadee!

HE INADVERTENTLY CURES  
HIS LOVE-PAINS

(SONG)

I SAID: "O let me sing the praise  
Of her who sweetly racks my days,—  
Her I adore;  
Her lips, her eyes, her moods, her ways!"

In miseries of pulse and pang  
I strung my harp, and straightway sang  
As none before:—  
To wondrous words my quavers rang!

Thus I let heartaches lilt my verse,  
Which suaged and soothed, and made  
disperse  
The smarts I bore  
To quiet like a sepulchre's.

But, eased, the days that thrilled ere then  
Lost value; and I ask, O when,  
And how, restore  
Those old sweet agonies again!

## THE PEACH PEAL

(AFTER FOUR YEARS OF SILENCE)

SAID a wistful daw in Saint Peter's  
tower,  
High above Casterbridge slates and tiles,  
Why do the walls of my Gothic bower  
Shiver, and shrill out sounds for miles?  
This gray old rubble  
Has scorned such din  
Since I knew trouble  
And joy herein.  
How still did abide them  
These bells now swung,  
While our nest beside them  
Securely clung! . . .  
It means some snare  
For our feet or wings;  
But I'll be ware  
Of such baleful things!"  
And forth he flew from his louvred niche  
To take up life in a damp dark ditch.



—So mortal motives are misread,  
And false designs attributed,  
In upper spheres of straws and sticks,  
Or lower, of pens and politics.

At the end of the War.

## LADY VI

THERE goes the Lady Vi. How well,  
How well I know the spectacle  
The earth presents  
And its events  
To her sweet sight  
Each day and night!

“Life is a wheeling show, with *me*  
As its pivot of interest constantly.  
Below in the hollows of towns is sin,  
Like a blue brimstone mist therein,  
Which makes men lively who plunge amid  
it,  
But wrongfully, and wives forbid it.  
London is a place for prancing  
Along the Row and, later, dancing  
Till dawn, with tightening arm-elbow-  
ments  
As hours warm up to tender moments.

Travel is piquant, and most thrilling  
If, further, joined to big-game killing:  
At home, too, hunting, hounds full cry,  
When Reynard nears his time to die,  
'Tis glee to mark his figure flag,  
And how his brush begins to drag,  
Till, his earth reached by many a wend,  
He finds it *stopped*, and meets his end.

"Religion is good for all who are meek;  
It stays in the Bible through the week,  
And floats about the house on Sundays,  
But does not linger on till Mondays.  
The ten Commandments in one's prime  
Are matter for another time,  
While griefs and graves and things allied  
In well-bred talk one keeps outside."

A POPULAR PERSONAGE  
AT HOME

“**I** LIVE here: ‘Wessex’ is my name:  
I am a dog known rather well:  
I guard the house; but how that came  
To be my whim I cannot tell.

“With a leap and a heart elate I go  
At the end of an hour’s expectancy  
To take a walk of a mile or so  
With the folk I let live here with me.

“Along the path, amid the grass  
I sniff, and find out rarest smells  
For rolling over as I pass  
The open fields towards the dells.

“No doubt I shall always cross this sill,  
And turn the corner, and stand steady,  
Gazing back for my mistress till  
She reaches where I have run already,

“And that this meadow with its brook,  
And bulrush, even as it appears  
As I plunge by with hasty look,  
Will stay the same a thousand years.”

Thus “Wessex.” But a dubious ray  
At times informs his steadfast eye,  
Just for a trice, as though to say,  
“Yet, will this pass, and pass shall I?”

1924.

## INSCRIPTIONS FOR A PEAL OF EIGHT BELLS

AFTER A RESTORATION

- I. **T**HOMAS TREMBLE new-  
made me  
Eighteen hundred and fifty-three:  
Why he did I fail to see.
- II. I was well-toned by William Brine,  
Seventeen hundred and twenty-  
nine;  
Now, re-cast, I weakly whine!
- III. Fifteen hundred used to be  
My date, but since they melted me  
'Tis only eighteen fifty-three.
- IV. Henry Hopkins got me made,  
And I summon folk as bade;  
Not to much purpose, I'm afraid!
- V. I likewise; for I bang and bid  
In commoner metal than I did,  
Some of me being stolen and hid.

- VI. I, too, since in a mould they flung me,  
Drained my silver, and rehung me,  
So that in tin-like tones I tongue me.
- VII. In nineteen hundred, so 'tis said,  
They cut my canon off my head,  
And made me look scalped, scraped,  
and dead.
- VIII. I'm the peal's tenor still, but rue it!  
Once it took two to swing me  
through it:  
Now I'm rehung, one dolt can do it.

## A REFUSAL

S AID the grave Dean of Westminster:  
Mine is the best minster  
Seen in Great Britain,  
As many have written:  
So therefore I cannot  
Rule here if I ban not  
Such liberty-taking  
As movements for making  
Its greyness environ  
The memory of Byron,  
Which some are demanding  
Who think them of standing,  
But in my own viewing  
Require some subduing  
For tendering suggestions  
On Abbey-wall questions  
That must interfere here  
With my proper sphere here,  
And bring to disaster  
This fane and its master,  
Whose dict is but Christian  
Though nicknamed Philistian.



A lax Christian charity—  
No mental clarity  
Ruling its movements  
For fabric improvements—  
Demands admonition  
And strict supervision  
When bent on enshrining  
Rapsallions, and signing  
Their names on God's stonework,  
As if like His own work  
Were their lucubrations:  
And passed is my patience  
That such a creed-scorner  
(Not mentioning horner)  
Should claim Poet's Corner.

'Tis urged that some sinners  
Are here for worms' dinners  
Already in person;  
That he could not worsen  
The walls by a name mere  
With men of such fame here.  
Yet nay; they but leaven  
The others in heaven  
In just true proportion,  
While more mean distortion.

'Twill next be expected  
That I get erected  
To Shelley a tablet

In some niche or gablet.  
Then—what makes my skin burn,  
Yea, forehead to chin burn—  
That I ensconce Swinburne!

August 1924.

## EPITAPH ON A PESSIMIST

I'M Smith of Stoke, aged sixty-odd,  
I've lived without a dame  
From youth-time on; and would to God  
My dad had done the same.

From the French.

## THE PROTEAN MAIDEN

(SONG)

**T**HIS single girl is two girls:  
How strange such things should be!  
One noon eclipsed by few girls,  
The next no beauty she.

And daily cries the lover,  
In voice and feature vext:  
“My last impression of her  
Is never to be the next!

“She’s plain: I will forget her!  
She’s turned to fair. Ah no,  
Forget?—not I! I’ll pet her  
With kisses swift and slow.”

A WATERING-PLACE LADY  
INVENTORIED

A SWEETNESS of temper unsurpassed  
and unforgettable,  
A mole on the cheek whose absence would  
have been regrettable,  
A ripple of pleasant converse full of  
modulation,  
A bearing of inconveniences without vexa-  
tion,  
Till a cynic would find her amiability  
provoking,  
Tempting him to indulge in mean and  
wicked joking.

Flawlessly oval of face, especially cheek and  
chin,  
With a glance of a quality that beckoned  
for a glance akin,  
A habit of swift assent to any intelligence  
broken,  
Before the fact to be conveyed was fully  
spoken

222 A WATERING-PLACE LADY

And she could know to what her colloquist  
would win her,—

This from a too alive impulsion to sym-  
pathy in her,—

All with a sense of the ridiculous, keen yet  
charitable;

In brief, a rich, profuse attractiveness  
unnarratable.

I should have added her hints that her  
husband prized her but slenderly,

And that (with a sigh) 'twas a pity she'd  
no one to treat her tenderly.

## THE SEA FIGHT

31 *May*: 1916

IN MEMORIAM CAPTAIN PROWSE

DOWN went the grand "Queen  
Mary,"  
"Queen Mary's" captain, and her crew;  
The brunt of battle bare he,  
And he died;  
And he died, as heroes do.

More really now we view him,  
More really lives he, moves with men,  
Than while on earth we knew him  
As our fellow,  
As our fellow-denizen.

Maybe amid the changes  
Of ocean's caverned dim profound,  
Gaily his spirit ranges  
With his comrades,  
With his comrades all around.

1916.

## PARADOX

(M. H.)

THOUGH out of sight now, and as  
'twere not the least to us;  
Comes she in sorrows, as one bringing  
peace to us?  
Lost to each meadow, each hill-top, each  
tree around,  
Yet the whole truth may her largened  
sight see around?  
Always away from us  
She may not stray from us!  
Can she, then, know how men's fatings  
befall?  
Yea indeed, may know well; even know  
thereof all.



## THE ROVER COME HOME

HE'S journeyed through America  
From Canso Cape to Horn,  
And from East Indian Comorin  
To Behring's Strait forlorn;  
He's felled trees in the backwoods,  
In swamps has gasped for breath;  
In Tropic heats, in Polar ice,  
Has often prayed for death.

He has fought and bled in civil wars  
Of no concern to him,  
Has shot his fellows—beasts and men—  
At risk of life and limb.  
He has suffered fluxes, fevers,  
Agues, and ills allied,  
And now he's home. You look at him  
As he talks by your fireside.

And what is written in his glance  
Stressed by such foreign wear,  
After such alien circumstance  
What does his face declare?

226 THE ROVER COME HOME

His mother's; she who saw him not  
After his starting year,  
Who never left her native spot,  
And lies in the churchyard near.

## “KNOWN HAD I”

(SONG)

KNOWN had I what I knew not  
When we met eye to eye,  
That thenceforth I should view not  
Again beneath the sky  
So truefooted a farer  
As you who faced me then,  
My path had been a rarer  
Than it figures among men!

I would have trod beside you  
To guard your feet all day,  
And borne at night to guide you  
A lantern on your way:  
Would not have left you lonely  
With wringing doubt, to cow  
Old hope, if I could only  
Have known what I know now.

## THE PAT OF BUTTER

ONCE, at the Agricultural Show,  
We tasted—all so yellow—  
Those butter-pats, cool and mellow!  
Each taste I still remember, though  
It was so long ago.

This spoke of the grass of Netherhay,  
And this of Kingcomb Hill,  
And this of Coker Rill:  
Which was the prime I could not say  
Of all those tried that day,

Till she, the fair and wicked-eyed,  
Held out a pat to me:  
Then felt I all Yeo-Lea  
Was by her sample sheer outvied;  
And, "This is the best," I cried.

## BAGS OF MEAT

“**H**ERE’S a fine bag of meat,”  
Says the master-auctioneer,  
As the timid, quivering steer,  
Starting a couple of feet  
At the prod of a drover’s stick,  
And trotting lightly and quick,  
A ticket stuck on his rump,  
Enters with a bewildered jump.

“Where he’s lived lately, friends,  
I’d live till lifetime ends:  
They’ve a whole life everyday  
Down there in the Vale, have they!  
He’d be worth the money to kill  
And give away Christmas for good-will.”

“Now here’s a heifer—worth more  
Than bid, were she bone-poor;  
Yet she’s round as a barrel of beer”;  
“She’s a plum,” said the second auctioneer.

“Now this young bull—for thirty pound?  
Worth that to manure your ground!”

“Or to stand,” chimed the second one,  
“And have his picter done!”

The beast was rapped on the horns and  
snout

To make him turn about.

“Well,” cried a buyer, “another crown—  
Since I’ve dragged here from Taunton  
Town!”

“That calf, she sucked three cows,  
Which is not matched for bouse  
In the nurseries of high life  
By the first-born of a nobleman’s wife!”  
The stick falls, meaning, “A true tale’s  
told,”

On the buttock of the creature sold,  
And the buyer leans over and snips  
His mark on one of the animal’s hips.

Each beast, when driven in,  
Looks round at the ring of bidders there  
With a much-amazed reproachful stare,  
As at unnatural kin,  
For bringing him to a sinister scene  
So strange, unhomelike, hungry, mean;  
His fate the while suspended between

A butcher, to kill out of hand,  
And a farmer, to keep on the land;  
One can fancy a tear runs down his face  
When the butcher wins, and he's driven  
from the place.

## THE SUNDIAL ON A WET DAY

**I** DRIP, drip here  
In Atlantic rain,  
Falling like handfuls  
Of winnowed grain,  
Which, tear-like, down  
My gnomon drain,  
And dim my numerals  
With their stain,—  
Till I feel useless,  
And wrought in vain!

And then I think  
In my despair  
That, though unseen,  
*He* is still up there,  
And may gaze out  
Anywhen, anywhere;  
Not to help clockmen  
Quiz and compare,  
But in kindness to let me  
My trade declare.

St. Juliot.



## HER HAUNTING-GROUND

CAN it be so? It must be so,  
That visions have not ceased to be  
In this the chiefest sanctuary  
Of her whose form we used to know.  
—Nay, but her dust is far away,  
And “where her dust is, shapes her shade,  
If spirit clings to flesh,” they say:  
Yet here her life-parts most were played!

Her voice explored this atmosphere,  
Her foot impressed this turf around,  
Her shadow swept this slope and mound,  
Her fingers fondled blossoms here;  
And so, I ask, why, why should she  
Haunt elsewhere, by a slighted tomb,  
When here she flourished sorrow-free,  
And, save for others, knew no gloom?

## A PARTING-SCENE

THE two pale women cried,  
But the man seemed to suffer  
more,  
Which he strove hard to hide.  
They stayed in the waiting-room, behind  
the door,  
Till startled by the entering engine-roar,  
As if they could not bear to have unfurled  
Their misery to the eyes of all the world.

A soldier and his young wife  
Were the couple; his mother the third,  
Who had seen the seams of life.  
He was sailing for the East I later heard.  
—They kissed long, but they did not speak  
a word;  
Then, strained, he went. To the elder the  
wife in tears  
“Too long; too long!” burst out. (’Twas  
for five years.)

## SHORTENING DAYS AT THE HOMESTEAD

THE first fire since the summer is lit,  
and is smoking into the room:  
The sun-rays thread it through, like  
woof-lines in a loom.  
Sparrows spurt from the hedge, whom  
misgivings appal  
That winter did not leave last year for ever,  
after all.  
Like shock-headed urchins, spiny-  
haired,  
Stand pollard willows, their twigs just  
bared.

Who is this coming with pondering  
pace,  
Black and ruddy, with white embossed,  
His eyes being black, and ruddy his  
face,  
And the marge of his hair like morning  
frost?

It's the cider-maker,  
And appletree-shaker,  
And behind him on wheels, in readi-  
ness,  
His mill, and tubs, and vat, and press.

## DAYS TO RECOLLECT

Do you recall  
That day in Fall  
When we walked towards Saint Alban's  
Head,  
Over thistledown that summer had shed,  
Or must I remind you?  
Winged thistle-seeds which hitherto  
Had lain as none were there, or few,  
But rose at the brush of your petticoat-seam  
(As ghosts might rise of the recent dead),  
And sailed on the breeze in a nebulous  
stream  
Like a comet's tail behind you:  
You don't recall  
That day in Fall?

Then do you remember  
That sad November  
When you left me never to see me more,  
And looked quite other than theretofore,  
As if it could not *be* you?

238      DAYS TO RECOLLECT

And lay by the window whence you had  
gazed

So many times when blamed or praised,  
Morning or noon, through years and years,  
Accepting the gifts that Fortune bore,  
Sharing, enduring, joys, hopes, fears!

Well: I never more did see you.—

Say you remember

That sad November!

TO C. F. H.

ON HER CHRISTENING-DAY

FAIR Caroline, I wonder what  
You think of earth as a dwelling-  
spot,  
And if you'd rather have come, or not?

To-day has laid on you a name  
That, though unasked for, you will claim  
Lifelong, for love or praise or blame.

May chance and change impose on you  
No heavier burthen than this new  
Care-chosen one your future through!

Dear stranger here, the prayer is mine  
That your experience may combine  
Good things with glad. . . . Yes, Caroline!

## THE HIGH-SCHOOL LAWN

GRAY prinked with rose,  
G White tipped with blue,  
Shoes with gay hose,  
Sleeves of chrome hue;  
Fluffed frills of white,  
Dark bordered light;  
Such shimmerings through  
Trees of emerald green are eyed  
This afternoon, from the road outside.

They whirl around:  
Many laughters run  
With a cascade's sound;  
Then a mere one.

A bell: they flee:  
Silence then:—  
So it will be  
Some day again  
With them,—with me.



## THE FORBIDDEN BANNS

A BALLAD OF THE EIGHTEEN-THIRTIES

### I

“O WHAT’S the gain, my worthy Sir,  
In stopping the banns to-day!  
Your son declares he’ll marry her  
If a thousand folk say Nay.”

“I’ll do’t; I’ll do’t; whether or no!  
And, if I drop down dead,  
To church this morning I will go,  
And say they shall not wed!”

That day the parson clear outspoke  
The maid’s name and the man’s:  
His father, mid the assembled folk  
Said, “I forbid the banns!”

Then, white in face, lips pale and cold,  
He turned him to sit down,  
When he fell forward; and behold,  
They found his life had flown.

## II

'Twas night-time, towards the middle part,  
When low her husband said,  
"I would from the bottom of my heart  
That father was not dead!"

She turned from one to the other side,  
And a sad woman was she  
As he went on: "He'd not have died  
Had it not been for me!"

She brought him soon an idiot child,  
And then she brought another:  
His face waned wan, his manner wild  
With hatred of their mother.

"Hearken to me, my son. No: no:  
There's madness in her blood!"  
Those were his father's words; and lo,  
Now, now he understood.

What noise is that? One noise, and two  
Resound from a near gun.  
Two corpses found: and neighbours knew  
By whom the deed was done.

## THE PAPHIAN BALL

ANOTHER CHRISTMAS EXPERIENCE OF THE  
MELLSTOCK QUIRE

WE went our Christmas rounds once  
more,  
With quire and viols as theretofore.

Our path was near by Rushy-Pond,  
Where Egdon-Heath outstretched beyond.

There stood a figure against the moon,  
Tall, spare, and humming a weirdsome  
tune.

"You tire of Christian carols," he said:  
"Come and lute at a ball instead.

" 'Tis to your gain, for it ensures  
That many guineas will be yours.

"A slight condition hangs on't, true,  
But you will scarce say nay thereto:

"That you go blindfold; that anon  
The place may not be gossiped on."

They stood and argued with each other:  
"Why sing from one house to another

"These ancient hymns in the freezing  
night,  
And all for nought? 'Tis foolish, quite!"

"—'Tis serving God, and shunning evil:  
Might not elsedoing serve the devil?"

"But grand pay!" . . . They were lured  
by his call,  
Agreeing to go blindfold all.

They walked, he guiding, some new track,  
Doubting to find the pathway back.

In a strange hall they found them when  
They were unblinded all again.

Gilded alcoves, great chandeliers,  
Voluptuous paintings ranged in tiers.

In brief, a mansion large and rare,  
With rows of dancers waiting there.

They tuned and played; the couples  
danced;

Half-naked women tripped, advanced,

With handsome partners footing fast,  
Who swore strange oaths, and whirled  
them past.

And thus and thus the slow hours wore  
them:

While shone their guineas heaped before  
them.

Drowsy at length, in lieu of the dance  
“*While Shepherds watched . . .*” they  
bowed by chance;

And in a moment, at a blink,  
There flashed a change; ere they could  
think

The ball-room vanished and all its crew:  
Only the well-known heath they view—

The spot of their crossing overnight,  
When wheedled by the stranger’s sleight.

There, east, the Christmas dawn hung red,  
And dark Rainbarrow with its dead

246      THE PAPHIAN BALL

Bulged like a supine negress' breast  
Against Clyffe-Clump's faint far-off crest.

Yea; the rare mansion, gorgeous, bright,  
The ladies, gallants, gone were quite.

The heaped-up guineas, too, were gone  
With the gold table they were on.

"Why did not grasp we what was owed!"  
Cried some, as homeward, shamed, they  
    strode.

Now comes the marvel and the warning:  
When they had dragged to church next  
    morning,

With downcast heads and scarce a word,  
They were astound at what they heard.

Praises from all came forth in showers  
For how they'd cheered the midnight hours.

"We've heard you many times," friends  
    said,

"But like *that* never have you played!

*"Rejoice ye tenants of the earth,  
And celebrate your Saviour's birth,*

“Never so thrilled the darkness through,  
Or more inspired us so to do!” . . .

—The man who used to tell this tale  
Was the tenor-viol, Michael Mail;

Yes; Mail the tenor, now but earth!—  
I give it for what it may be worth.

## ON MARTOCK MOOR

### I

MY deep-dyed husband trusts me,  
He feels his mastery sure,  
Although I leave his evening hearth  
To walk upon the moor.

### II

—I had what wealth I needed,  
And of gay gowns a score,  
And yet I left my husband's house  
To muse upon the moor.

### III

O how I loved a dear one  
Who, save in soul, was poor!  
O how I loved the man who met  
Me nightly on the moor.



## IV

I'd feather-beds and couches,  
And carpets for the floor,  
Yet brighter to me was, at eves,  
The bareness of the moor.

## V

There was a dogging figure,  
There was a hiss of "Whore!"  
There was a flounce at Weir-water  
One night upon the moor. . . .

## VI

Yet do I haunt there, knowing  
By rote each rill's low pour,  
But only a fitful phantom now  
Meets me upon the moor.

## THAT MOMENT

THE tragedy of that moment  
Was deeper than the sea,  
When I came in that moment  
And heard you speak to me!

What I could not help seeing  
Covered life as a blot;  
Yes, that which I was seeing,  
And knew that you were not!

## PREMONITIONS

“THE bell went heavy to-day  
At afternoon service, they say,  
And a screech-owl cried in the boughs,  
And a raven flew over the house,  
And Betty’s old clock with one hand,  
That’s worn out, as I understand,  
And never goes now, never will,  
Struck twelve when the night was dead  
still,  
Just as when my last loss came to me. . . .  
Ah! I wonder who next it will be!

## THIS SUMMER AND LAST

UNHAPPY summer you,  
Who do not see  
What your yester-summer saw!  
Never, never will you be  
Its match to me,  
Never, never draw  
Smiles your forerunner drew,  
Know what it knew!

Divine things done and said  
Illumined it,  
Whose rays crept into corn-brown curls,  
Whose breezes heard a humorous wit  
Of fancy flit,—  
Still the alert brook purls,  
Though feet that there would tread  
Elsewhere have sped.

So, bran-new summer, you  
Will never see  
All that yester-summer saw!

Never, never will you be  
    In memory  
Its rival, never draw  
Smiles your forerunner drew,  
    Know what it knew!

1913?

## “NOTHING MATTERS MUCH”

(B. F. L.)

“NOTHING matters much,” he said  
Of something just befallen unduly:  
He, then active, but now dead,  
Truly, truly!

He knew the letter of the law  
As voiced by those of wig and gown,  
Whose slightest syllogistic flaw  
He hammered down.

And often would he shape in word  
That nothing needed much lamenting;  
And she who sat there smiled and heard,  
Sadly assenting.

Facing the North Sea now he lies,  
Toward the red altar of the East,  
The Flamborough roar his psalmodies,  
The wind his priest.

“NOTHING MATTERS MUCH” 255

And while I think of his bleak bed,  
Of Time that builds, of Time that shatters,  
Lost to all thought is he, who said  
    “Nothing much matters.”

## IN THE EVENING

IN MEMORIAM FREDERICI TREVES, 1853-1923  
(*Dorchester Cemetery, Jan. 2, 1924*)

IN the evening, when the world knew he  
    was dead,  
    He lay amid the dust and hoar  
Of ages; and to a spirit attending said:  
    "This chalky bed?—  
I surely seem to have been here before?"

"O yes. You have been here. You knew  
    the place,  
    Substanced as you, long ere your call;  
And if you cared to do so you might trace  
    In this gray space  
Your being, and the being of men all."

Thereto said he: "Then why was I called  
    away?  
    I knew no trouble or discontent:  
Why did I not prolong my ancient stay  
    Herein for aye?"  
The spirit shook its head. "None knows:  
    you went.



“And though, perhaps, Time did not sign  
to you

The need to go, dream-vision sees  
How Aesculapius' phantom hither flew,  
With Galen's, too,  
And his of Cos—plague-proof Hippocrates,

“And beckoned you forth, whose skill had  
read as theirs,

Maybe, had Science chanced to spell  
In their day, modern modes to stem despairs  
That mankind bears! . . .  
Enough. You have returned. And all is  
well.”

## THE SIX BOARDS

SIX boards belong to me:  
I do not know where they may  
be;  
If growing green, or lying dry  
In a cockloft nigh.

Some morning I shall claim them,  
And who may then possess will aim them  
To bring to me those boards I need  
With thoughtful speed.

But though they hurry so  
To yield me mine, I shall not know  
How well my want they'll have supplied  
When notified.

Those boards and I—how much  
In common we, of feel and touch  
Shall share thence on,—earth's far core-  
quakings,  
Hill-shocks, tide-shakings—

Yea, hid where none will note,  
The once live tree and man, remote  
From mundane hurt as if on Venus, Mars,  
Or furthest stars.

## BEFORE MY FRIEND ARRIVED

I SAT on the eve-lit weir,  
Which gurgled in sobs and sighs;  
I looked across the meadows near  
To the towered church on the rise.  
Overmuch cause had my look!  
I pulled out pencil and book,  
And drew a white chalk mound,  
Outthrown on the sepulchred ground.

Why did I pencil that chalk?  
It was fetched from the waiting grave,  
And would return there soon,  
Of one who had stilled his walk  
And sought oblivion's cave.  
He was to come on the morrow noon  
And take a good rest in the bed so hewn.

He came, and there he is now, although  
This was a wondrous while ago.  
And the sun still dons a ruddy dye;  
The weir still gurgles nigh;  
The tower is dark on the sky.

# COMPASSION

## AN ODE

IN CELEBRATION OF THE CENTENARY OF THE ROYAL  
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO  
ANIMALS

### I

**B**ACKWARD among the dusky years  
A lonesome lamp is seen arise,  
Lit by a few fain pioneers  
Before incredulous eyes.—  
We read the legend that it lights:  
“Wherefore beholds this land of historied  
rights  
Mild creatures, despot-doomed, bewildered,  
plead  
Their often hunger, thirst, pangs, prison-  
ment,  
In deep dumb gaze more eloquent  
Than tongues of widest heed?”

### II

What was faint-written, read in a breath  
In that year—ten times ten away—

A larger louder conscience saith  
More sturdily to-day.—  
But still those innocents are thralls  
To throbless hearts, near, far, that hear no  
calls  
Of honour towards their too-dependent  
frail,  
And from Columbia Cape to Ind we see  
How helplessness breeds tyranny  
In power above assail.

## III

Cries still are heard in secret nooks,  
Till hushed with gag or slit or thud;  
And hideous dens whereon none looks  
Are sprayed with needless blood.  
But here, in battlings, patient, slow,  
Much has been won—more, maybe, than  
we know—  
And on we labour hopeful. “Ailinon!”  
A mighty voice calls: “But may the good  
prevail!”  
And “Blessed are the merciful!”  
Calls a yet mightier one.

January 22, 1924.

## “WHY SHE MOVED HOUSE”

(THE DOG MUSES)

WHY she moved house, without a  
word,

I cannot understand;

She'd mirrors, flowers, she'd book and  
bird,

And callers in a band.

And where she is she gets no sun,

No flowers, no book, no glass;

Of callers I am the only one,

And I but pause and pass.

## TRAGEDIAN TO TRAGEDIENNE

SHALL I leave you behind me  
When I play  
In earnest what we've played in mock to-day?

Why, yes; most surely shall I  
Leave you behind  
In yet full orbit, when my years unwind.

I may creep off in the night-time,  
And none know  
Till comes the morning, bringing news 'tis  
so.

Will you then turn for a moment  
White or red,  
Recall those spells of ours; things done,  
things said?

Aye, those adventurous doings  
And those days  
Of stress, when I'd the blame and you the  
praise?



Still you will meet adventure—  
None knows what—  
Still you will go on changing: I shall not.

Still take a call at the mummings  
Daily or nightly,  
Yielding to custom, calmly, gloomily,  
brightly.

Last, you will flag, and finish  
Your masquings too:  
Yes: end them: I not there to succour you.

## THE LADY OF FOREBODINGS

“**W**HAT do you so regard, my lady,  
Sitting beside me here?  
Are there not days as clear  
As this to come—ev’n shaped less shady?”  
“O no,” said she. “Come what delight  
To you, by voice or pen,  
To me will fall such day, such night,  
Not, not again!”

The lamps above and round were fair,  
The tables were aglee,  
As if ’twould ever be  
That we should smile and sit on there.  
But yet she said, as though she must,  
“Yes: it will soon be gone,  
And all its dearness leave but dust  
To muse upon.”

## THE BIRD-CATCHER'S BOY

“FATHER, I fear your trade:  
Surely it's wrong!  
Little birds limed and made  
Captive life-long.

“Larks bruise and bleed in jail,  
Trying to rise;  
Every caged nightingale  
Soon pines and dies.”

“Don't be a dolt, my boy!  
Birds must be caught;  
My lot is such employ,  
Yours to be taught.

“Soft shallow stuff as that  
Out from your head!  
Just learn your lessons pat,  
Then off to bed.”

268 THE BIRD-CATCHER'S BOY

Lightless, without a word  
Bedwise he fares;  
Groping his way is heard  
Seek the dark stairs

Through the long passage, where  
Hang the caged choirs:  
Harp-like his fingers there  
Sweep on the wires.

Next day, at dye of dawn,  
Freddy was missed:  
Whither the boy had gone  
Nobody wist.

That week, the next one, whiled:  
No news of him:  
Weeks up to months were piled:  
Hope dwindled dim.

Yet not a single night  
Locked they the door,  
Waiting, heart-sick, to sight  
Freddy once more.

Hopping there long anon  
Still the birds hung:  
Like those in Babylon  
Captive, they sung.

One wintry Christmastide  
Both lay awake;  
All cheer within them dried,  
Each hour an ache.

Then some one seemed to flit  
Soft in below;  
"Freddy's come!" Up they sit  
Faces aglow.

Thereat a groping touch  
Dragged on the wires  
Lightly and softly—much  
As they were lyres;

"Just as it used to be  
When he came in,  
Feeling in darkness the  
Stairway to win!"

Waiting a trice or two  
Yet, in the gloom,  
Both parents pressed into  
Freddy's old room.

There on the empty bed  
White the moon shone,  
As ever since they'd said,  
"Freddy is gone!"

## 270 THE BIRD-CATCHER'S BOY

That night at Durdle-Door \*  
    Foundered a hoy,  
And the tide washed ashore  
    One sailor boy.

November 21, 1912.

\* Durdle-Door, a rock on the south coast.

## A HURRIED MEETING

IT is August moonlight in the tall plantation,  
Whose elms, by aged squirrels' footsteps worn,

Outscreen the noon, and eve, and morn.  
On the facing slope a faint irradiation  
From a mansion's marble front is borne,  
Mute in its woodland wreathing.

Up here the night-jar whirrs forlorn,  
And the trees seem to withhold their softest  
breathing.

To the moonshade slips a woman in muslin  
vesture:

Her naked neck the gossamer-web besmears,  
And she sweeps it away with a hasty  
gesture.

Again it touches her forehead, her neck, her  
ears,

272      A HURRIED MEETING

Her fingers, the backs of her hands.  
She sweeps it away again  
Impatiently, and then  
She takes no notice; and listens, and sighs,  
and stands.

The night-hawk stops. A man shows in  
the obscure:  
They meet, and passively kiss,  
And he says: "Well, I've come quickly.  
About this—  
Is it really so? You are sure?"  
"I am sure. In February it will be.  
That such a thing should come to me!  
We should have known. We should have  
left off meeting.  
Love is a terrible thing: a sweet allure  
That ends in heart-outeating!"

"But what shall we do, my Love, and  
how?"  
"You need not call me by that name  
now."  
Then he more coldly: "What is your  
suggestion?"  
"I've told my mother, and she sees a way,  
Since of our marriage there can be no  
question.  
We are crossing South—near about New  
Year's Day



The event will happen there.  
 It is the only thing that we can dare  
 To keep them unaware!"

"Well, you can marry me."

She shook her head. "No: that can never be.

" 'Twill be brought home as hers. She's  
 forty-one,  
 When many a woman's bearing is not  
 done,  
 And well might have a son.—  
 We should have left off specious self-  
 deceiving:  
 I feared that such might come,  
 And knowledge struck me numb.  
 Love is a terrible thing: witching when  
 first begun,  
 To end in grieving, grieving!"

And with one kiss again the couple parted:  
 Inferior clearly he; she haughty-hearted.  
 He watched her down the slope to return to  
 her place,  
 The marble mansion of her ancient race,  
 And saw her brush the gossamers from her  
 face  
 As she emerged from shade to the moon-  
 light ray.

274     A HURRIED MEETING

And when she had gone away  
The night-jar seemed to imp, and say,  
    “You should have taken warning:  
Love is a terrible thing: sweet for a space,  
And then all mourning, mourning!”

## DISCOURAGEMENT

TO see the Mother, naturing Nature,  
stand  
All racked and wrung by her unfaithful  
lord,  
Her hopes dismayed by his defiling hand,  
Her passioned plans for bloom and beauty  
marred.

Where she would mint a perfect mould, an  
ill;  
Where she would don divinest hues, a stain,  
Over her purposed genial hour a chill,  
Upon her charm of flawless flesh a blain:

Her loves dependent on a feature's trim,  
A whole life's circumstance on hap of birth,  
A soul's direction on a body's whim,  
Eternal Heaven upon a day of Earth,  
Is frost to flower of heroism and worth,  
And fosterer of visions ghastr and grim.

Westbourne Park Villas, 1863-7.  
(From old MS.)

## A LEAVING

KNOWING what it bore  
I watched the rain-smitten  
back of the car—  
(Brown-curtained, such as the old ones  
were) —  
When it started forth for a journey afar  
Into the sullen November air,  
And passed the glistening laurels and round  
the bend.

I have seen many gayer vehicles turn that  
bend  
In autumn, winter, and summer air,  
Bearing for journeys near or afar  
Many who now are not, but were,  
But I don't forget that rain-smitten car,  
Knowing what it bore!

## SONG TO AN OLD BURDEN

THE feet have left the wormholed  
    flooring,  
    That danced to the ancient air,  
    The fiddler, all-ignoring,  
Sleeps by the gray-grassed 'cello player:  
Shall I then foot around around,  
    As once I footed there!

The voice is heard in the room no longer  
    That trilled, none sweetlier,  
    To gentle stops or stronger,  
Where now the dust-draped cobwebs stir:  
Shall I then sing again again,  
    As once I sang with her!

The eyes that beamed out rapid brightness  
    Have longtime found their close,  
    The cheeks have wanned to whiteness  
That used to sort with summer rose:  
Shall I then joy anew anew anew,  
    As once I joyed in those!

## 278 SONG TO AN OLD BURDEN

O what's to me this tedious Maying,  
What's to me this June?  
O why should viols be playing  
To catch and reel and rigadoon?  
Shall I sing, dance around around around,  
When phantoms call the tune!

“WHY DO I?”

WHY do I go on doing these things?  
Why not cease?

Is it that you are yet in this world of  
welterings

And unease,

And that, while so, mechanic repetitions  
please?

When shall I leave off doing these  
things?—

When I hear

You have dropped your dusty cloak and  
taken you wondrous wings

To another sphere,

Where no pain is: Then shall I hush this  
dinning gear.







## DATE DUE

MY 5 70

GAYLORD

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

821.89

104289

H272h

Hardy, Thomas

AUTHOR

Human Shows

TITLE

Hardy

104289



6805385608



821.89 H272h  
Hardy, Thomas,  
Human shows, far phantasies, songs, and



3 1856 00060248 0